

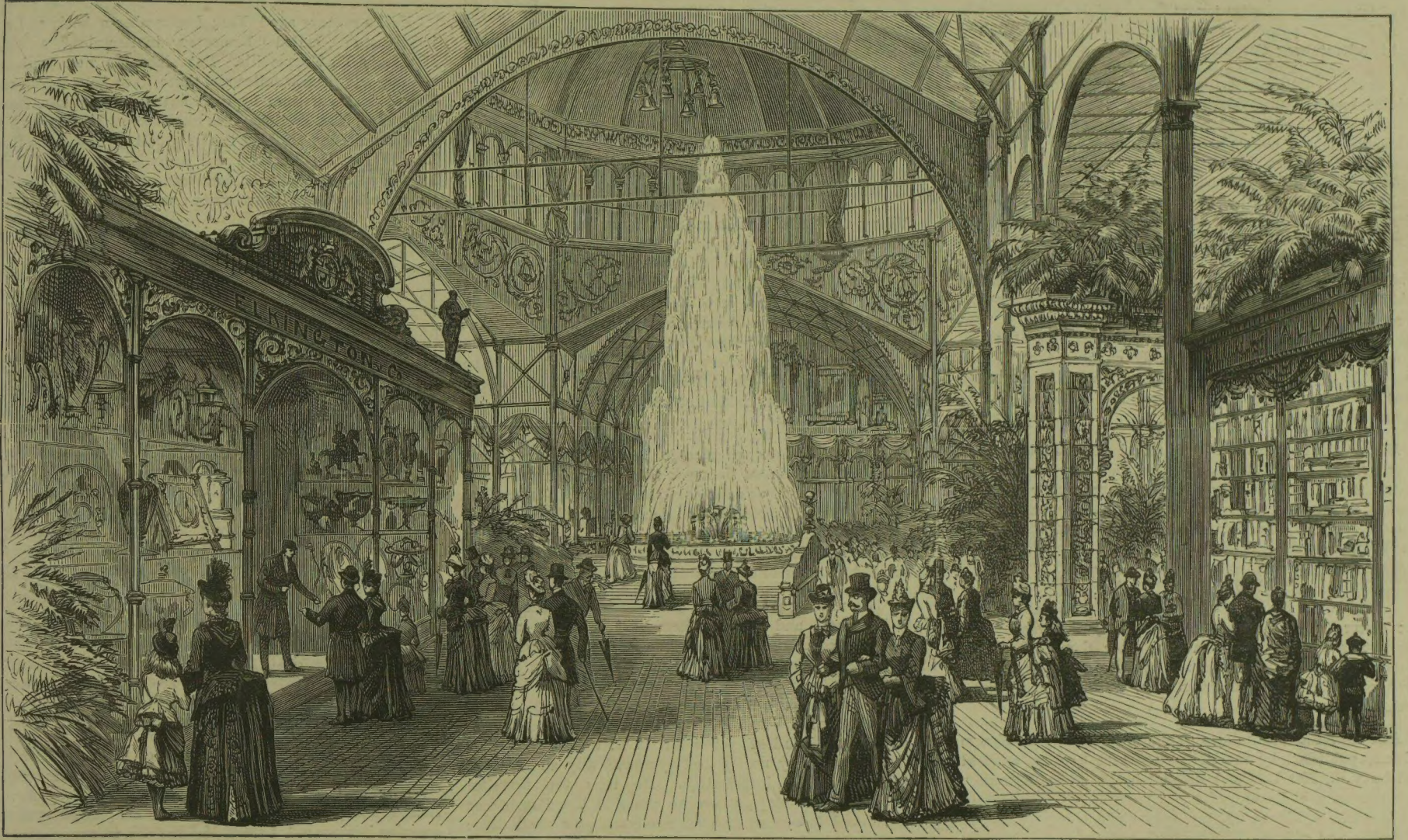
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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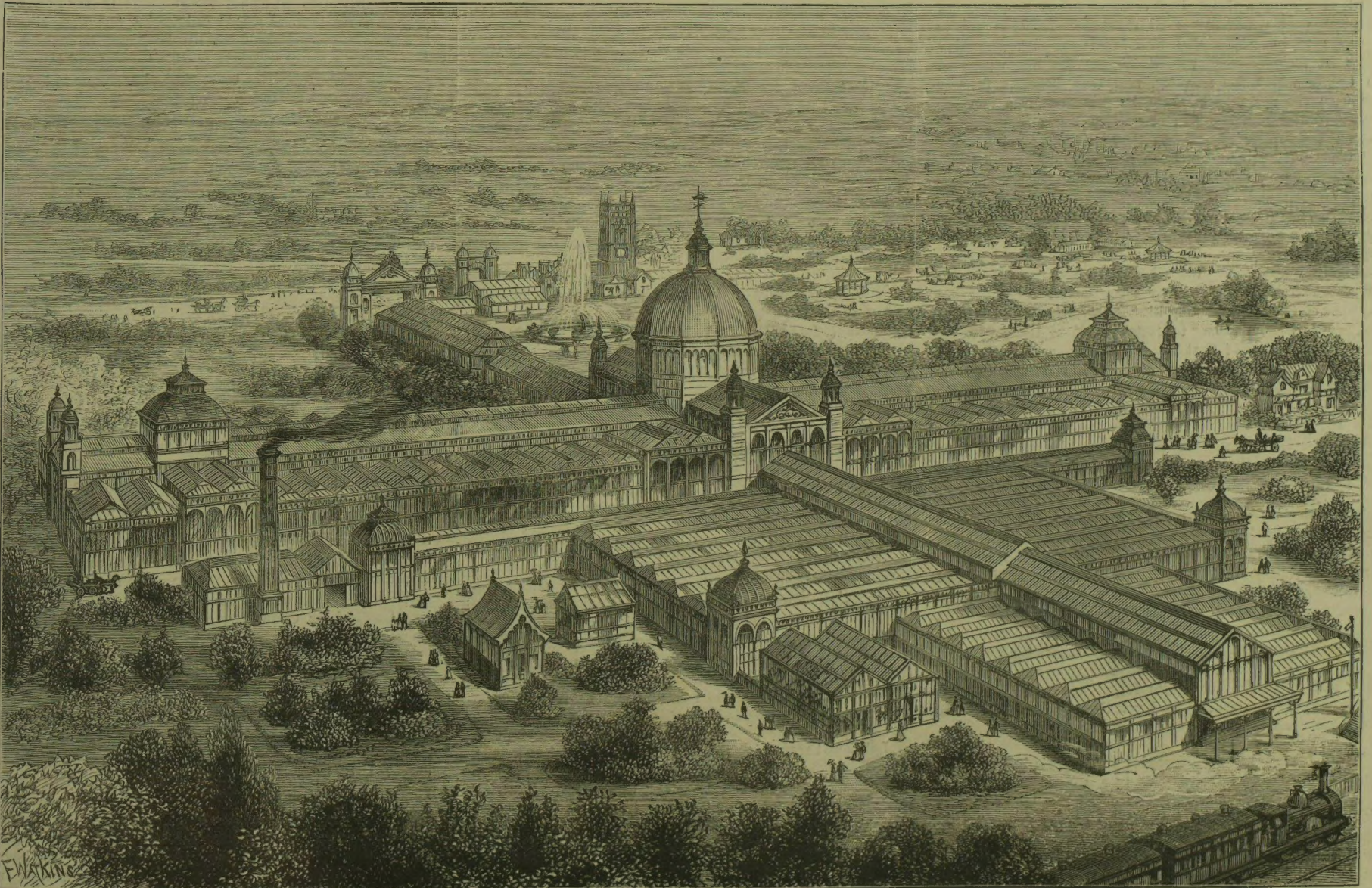
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SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1887.

WITH SIXPENCE.
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THE MANCHESTER ROYAL JUBILEE EXHIBITION: THE CENTRAL DOME.



THE MANCHESTER ROYAL JUBILEE EXHIBITION, OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Very many things of a more or less pleasant nature—the cheerful objects outnumbered, I am glad to say, the disagreeable ones—did I find on my table on returning from the Sunny South to the full enjoyment of London in the “Merry Month of May.” Ugh! such a very merry May. Rain, cold, mud, and a November fog. Egyptian darkness and the gas burning all day long! Mem.: The Gaslight and Coke Company’s collector will call on Monday next for the rates due. At least a score of applications from the esteemed secretaries of charitable institutions, urgently requesting subscriptions or donations in aid of their funds—the applications being, as a rule, made in connection with the Jubilee. The Jubilee! There was a Pope once by the name of Urban VIII. (conspicuous for the long and comely beard which he wore) and whenever this Supreme Pontiff made proclamation of an Extraordinary Jubilee, his Holiness used to “improve the occasion” by popping an extra tax on some article of general consumption. The pleasing custom was celebrated in a distich by that inveterate wag Pasquin:—

Urbano Ottavo alla barba bella,
Pubblicò un Giubileo ed una gabella.

Jubilee books I found galore awaiting me; but ere I speak of at least one of them, let me mention the “Jubilee Jug,” just published—if you can “publish” a jug—by Mr. John Mortlock. It is a brown October jug, a “Toby,” adorned with a medallion inscribed with the Imperial Crown and “V. R.” and flanked on either side by the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle in *pâte-sur-pâte*. Already my ceramic treasures comprised the Mortlock-Beaconsfield-Memorial Jug, bearing a medallion portrait of the Lord of Hughenden surmounted by an Earl’s coronet, with the dates, “Born, Dec. 21, 1804; Died, April 19, 1881;” and the inscription: “I have begun many things several times and have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.—House of Commons, Dec. 7, 1837.” Curiously enough, the Disraeli Memorial Jug may now claim something of a jubilee character, since the famous speech from which the quotation is taken was made close upon fifty years ago.

Mem.: The Beaconsfield jug is *not* adorned with bas-reliefs of primroses. The reason for the omission may perchance be analogous to that given by the comic-song writer for Guy Fawkes not having come over Vauxhall Bridge, on his road from Lambeth to Westminster, for the purpose of blowing up the Houses of Lords and Commons:—

That is, he would have come that way
To perpetrate his guilt, Sirs;
But one little thing prevented him:
The Bridge it wasn’t built, Sirs.

The clever (and astonishingly successful) Primrose Myth was not invented until some time after the death of the illustrious Conservative Statesman, who, as a matter of fact, cared no more about primroses than he did about pickled onions.

And now for the Jubilee Book. It is a very handsome volume, published by the Religious Tract Society, entitled “Victoria R., Her Life and Reign,” by Dr. James Macaulay, the editor of the *Leisure Hour*. “Victoria R.” is copiously and beautifully illustrated, the engravings being by Mr. E. Whymper and others. The author’s endeavour has been to recall those qualities in the personal character of the Queen, and the incidents in her life, which have most endeared her to her people during the last fifty years; and he has also aimed at giving a brief but comprehensive summary of the great public movements of the time. In both efforts he seems to have succeeded to admiration. Dr. Macaulay writes *en pleine connaissance de cause*. He has witnessed the events which he narrates, and been brought face to face with the personages whom he portrays. He has the liveliest ocular remembrance of “Fifty Years Since.” The Distressed Compiler also shares that privilege; yet I fancy that, when I tell people that I can remember to have seen, in Parliament-street, the Coronation procession of her Majesty Queen Victoria, and in the Champs Elysées, Paris, three years afterwards, the funeral cortège of Napoleon the Great, I sometimes notice a smile of incredulity on the lips of the younger portion of my auditory. To them, fifty years seem such an immensely long time. We all deceive ourselves, more or less, about time. Mr. Thackeray thought two score years a long span of life; and, bidding his “Pretty Page with Dimpled Chin” wait till he came “to forty year” to learn wisdom, congratulated himself that he, the writer, was “alive and merry at forty year,” “dipping his nose in the Gascon wine.” Why, Mr. Thackeray (so the oldesters delude themselves into thinking) was quite a young man when he wrote those lines. Wait till you come to sixty year before you begin to philosophise in earnest—when, perhaps, the gist of your philosophy may be that a very long time ago you were a young fool, and that now you are an old one.

This reflection reminds me of an anecdote which I once heard related by Benjamin Disraeli, and which I treasured up there and then. He was presiding at a public meeting convened at Willis’s Rooms by the unfortunate Byron Memorial Committee, and in the course of a wise and eloquently pathetic speech, remarked that he had often talked about Byron to Lord Lyndhurst, to whom he, the speaker, had been private secretary. “Ah!” the aged ex-Chancellor was wont to say, “they talk a great deal of nonsense about Byron’s faults and failings. They quite forget one thing: *he was such a very young man.*” And yet the poet, at thirty-five, thought himself to be quite an old man.

When I have had Dr. Macaulay’s “Victoria R.” suitably bound I will consign the volume to a special shelf full of “Queen” literature. One of the most curious tomes therein is an octavo volume called “Anecdotes of the Queen,” published, anonymously, so far back as 1840. It is vilely illustrated with steel engravings, portraits, and views; but these embellishments are, at least, contemporary. The work is quite

devoid of style; but the anecdotes of the Queen’s childhood and girlhood (including one about a donkey which she used to ride in the gardens of Kensington Palace) are multifarious and in the main interesting. A few of them may be apocryphal. Well; are all the anecdotes about great people which get into print now-a-days quite true?

If Mr. Russell Lowell’s “Biglow Papers” had not been, from a hundred points of view, admirably remarkable, they would have been entitled to exceptional notice as a series of poems with an index attached thereto. If the new three-volume novel just published by Mr. Bentley, and about which all London is talking—“Miss Bayle’s Romance”—were not in degree a remarkable novel indeed, it would be still worthy of special recognition as a romance with an exhaustive table of contents prefixed to each volume; and curious contents they are! What do you think of “Dining with the Prince of Wales;” “Mr. Bayle answers Mr. Labouchere;” “The *St. James’s Censor*;” “The *Pall Mall Censor*;” “George Eliot in the Gaming-Rooms;” “Mr. Bayle and the Prince;” “Entertained by the Duke of Windsor;” “Paragraphs in the *World and Truth*;” “Condescension of the Duchess;” “Struck with Herbert Spencer;” “Mr. James and Mr. Howells;” “An Earthquake”? Yes; this carefully-indexed fiction—or facts, strung beadlike on a fictitious string—ends with the Riviera earthquakes and a happy marriage. The daughter of an American millionaire marries an English Peer. Surely, ladies of all nationalities, that is enough for you in the way of plot!

We are all “in it.” “The nobles,” “Henry” and “Edmund,” yourself, Madame, and your lady’s maid; Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. J. C. Parkinson, the bench of Bishops, the Fifteen Judges, the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, the Council of the Royal Academy, Heliogabalus, and Jack the Painter! My own humble individuality has even been “trotted out” by the anonymous author of “Miss Bayle’s Romance,” and I am made to dine at a place where I have never dined, and to be entertained by a host whom I never saw, and to talk about things of which I have no kind of knowledge.

Who wrote “Miss Bayle’s Romance”? Is it a posthumous production of the late unfortunate Earl of C—? I have heard the authorship of the work attributed to an American lady, who is as pretty as she is clever; to a well-known low comedian; to a captain in the Guards; to a Ritualistic curate; and the lady principal of a high-school for girls. A little bird has hinted to me a vague inkling of the author’s real name; but wild horses shall not tear it from me.

Of the making of London guide-books and hand-books there is no end, and some of them have been not only instructive, but entertaining. Mr. Charles Dickens the younger has in particular produced a Dictionary of Contemporary London as useful as it is amusing. Let me add to the list Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe’s “London of To-day: an Illustrated Hand-book for the Season.” Into a medium octavo volume of some four hundred pages Mr. C. E. Pascoe has contrived to pack very neatly and symmetrically an amazing amount of useful information. He tells the traveller at what hotels to stay; where he can find boarding-houses and furnished lodgings; at what restaurants he shall dine; to what clubs he has a chance of obtaining admission; whither he can run out of town from Saturday until Monday; at what shops ladies and gentlemen can purchase all their needments; in fact, as a London cicerone from the Tower to Mr. Jay’s International Fur Store in Regent-street, from the Hôtel Métropole to the new Cock Tavern in Fleet-street, and from Lambeth Palace to Mr. Van Der Weyde’s photographic studio, Mr. C. E. Pascoe is everybody’s guide, philosopher, and friend. The illustrations are numerous and unconventional in execution. The one representing Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A., in full evening dress and with his presidential gold medal adorning his manly bosom, in the act of receiving a lady of fashion at the annual conversazione at the Royal Academy, is a sweet boon. Mr. Pascoe’s artist has not been quite so successful in his counterfeit presentment of Mr. Corney Grain. The distinguished entertainer is apparently glued to a grand pianoforte, and the key-board has seemingly entered into his soul.

Miss Polly Eccles in “Caste” had frequently too much reason to complain of the “carryings on” of her gifted but disreputable father; still, she had always thus much to say in his favour when he was disparaged in her presence: “that papa was a very clever man.” Within recent days I have heard very hard things said about Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne has in particular used the Grand Old Man most spitefully; while in more than one quarter there have been audible dark and distant predictions that Tower-hill, the block, and the axe would be the dénouement to the Gladstonian drama. Well; there is no armour against fate. It is the lot of some men to ride in a golden coach, and of others to be handled by the hangman; of some to begin life behind a shop-counter and end it on the Peers’ benches; and of others, after a long career of renown and splendour, to be pelted with defunct cats and ancient eggs. We must all bow to the fiat of the *Ananké*—the unknown, the inevitable, the necessary, the predetermined—and if Mr. Gladstone be now sitting in his old age amidst the ruins of his own reputation, the *Ananké*, it is to be presumed, has willed it so. But, remembering what Miss Polly Eccles said regarding her sire, there can be no harm in maintaining that under all circumstances Mr. Gladstone is “a very wonderful man.”

Let there be anything new, fresh, strange, exciting, ludicrous even, this astonishing public man is sure to be “in it.” Mr. Greville told us in his “Memoirs” how, when nigger minstrels first came into fashion, Mr. Gladstone emulated the exploits of the “Original Bones,” and delighted polite society by singing “Out of the way, ole Dan Tucker,” “Sich a gittin’ up-stairs,” and “Camptown Races.” He was among the first to welcome the earliest hippopotamus that arrived at the

Zoological Gardens; and he rushed to the reception in Piccadilly where Sarah Bernhardt first exhibited her pictures, her statuary, and herself. One of the latest visits paid by Mr. Gladstone has been to “Buffalo Bill.” A wonderful man: I mean Mr. Gladstone.

At the American Exhibition, after lunch, this phenomenally versatile statesman spoke for full five-and-twenty minutes.

Et patati, et patata,
Il a mis de tout dans ce discours-là,

wrote Béranger in his “Jugede Charenton.” Mr. Gladstone talked about most things mundane in his five-and-twenty minutes’ discourse; and among his deliverances I note the instructive observation that about “half a century ago some admirable works on America were published by French writers. Since then we have learned but little of America, although she had during that time developed to an extent that was almost incredible.”

Half a century ago! Yes; I remember a book, and a very judicious one, called “Democracy in America,” written by M. Alexis De Tocqueville. But since his time, unless my memory has utterly failed me, there have been works on the United States written by such authors as Captain Marryat, Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope, Charles Dickens, William and Mary Howitt, Anthony Trollope, the Duke of Argyll, William Howard Russell, Charles Mackay, and Antonio Gallenga. Have we learned nothing about the Americans from the productions of the not altogether obscure writers whom I have named?

The Marquis of Salisbury, in the course of a capital speech at the recent Academy banquet—at which the bulk of the speaking seems to have been lamentably poor—parenthetically remarked, apropos of costume in sculpture, that he could not call to mind a single instance of a statue of a gentleman attired in a tail-coat. I wish some sculptor would try the experiment; and I would venture to point out to him a historic personage who could, without the slightest peril of the work incurring derision, be habited in the “claw-hammer” or “steel-pen” order of garment alluded to by Lord Salisbury. I do not know if there be anywhere a statue of Sir Francis Burdett. If there be not, it is certainly time that “Old Glory” had one. The illustrious patriot who was incarcerated at the Tower for his resolute advocacy of the principles of Magna Charta wore habitually a swallow-tail coat, buckskins, and top boots. Such a garb he dons in the picture of the Royal Assent being given to the Reform Bill of 1832. The experiment would be worth trying, and the late Baronet would, I fancy, come out very characteristically in a “swallow-tail.”

Mem. I.: Of course there are plenty of statues of Admirals and Generals in swallow-tails. George III. in Cockspur-street wears a “swallow-tail”; but it is the civilian tail-coat, the dreadful garment which fashion has decreed to be worn by waiters, undertakers’ men, and gentlemen in evening dress, that I would have the sculptor try his plastic hand upon.

Mem. II.: Go to the Central Hall of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and turn to the number in the catalogue (1798) “Young Bull and Herdsman—group, marble,” by Mr. J. E. Boehm, and you will find that the accomplished sculptor in question has essayed, I think successfully, an experiment to the full as bold as the suggested “steel-pen” one. Do not think that I purpose to criticise Mr. Boehm’s “Young Bull and Herdsman.” Did I dare so to travel out of my province, the respected Art-critic of this Journal would put ratsbane in my porridge and halters in my pew. I would only point out that Mr. Boehm has had the courage to dress his herdsman in a smock-frock. I never saw a smock-frock in marble before; and to my thinking that rustic gaberline looks most picturesque in the Central Hall of Burlington House.

Who were the Chyades? Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., informs the world who admire his beautiful picture of the “Women of Amphissa,” that the Chyades were a community of women sacred to Dionysos. I never heard of these Bacchic females; and the learned art-critic of the *Daily News* confesses that he is equally puzzled to discover who they were. He has vainly sought for the Chyades in Suidas, Hesychius, Stephanus, Preller, and Liddell and Scott. My own researches have not been quite so recondite. I have only gone to Bell’s “Pantheon,” Plutarch’s “Lives,” Dr. William Smith’s Dictionary, Anthony Rich, Mitford, Grote, Murray’s Handbook to Greece, and as many Greek lexicons as I possess. But the Chyades have failed to turn up. Will “the merest schoolboy” be so kind as to turn the lamp of his learning on to the *tenebræ* of my ignorance?

At the same time will somebody tell me if he has ever heard of a cook called Chaffroi or Chauffroy? A writer in a daily newspaper maintains that the dish commonly called a *chaufroid* is an example of mistaken nomenclature, and that the notion is quite erroneous that it derives its name from the circumstance of being introduced, as a cold dish, in the middle of a hot service; or else from being twice cooked as a hot dish and each time allowed to get cold. According to this authority, the name of the dish has nothing to do with its hot or cold condition; but that it was invented by Chaffroi, or Chauffroy, aforesaid. Who was he, if ever he was?

Until Saturday, the last of April, I had not attended any theatrical performance for sixteen months; but on the evening in question I bestowed myself in a box at the Alhambra and saw two superb ballets, “The Seasons” and “Dresdina.” Yes; and I likewise beheld the humours of the “Blondin Donkey” and the “Vital Spark.” I mention this trifling fact for the reason that I have resolved to pluck up courage enough to go henceforth to the play in right earnest, and to address my readers in my old column, “The Playhouses,” my place in which has been for so long a period so kindly and so efficiently filled by my friend Mr. Clement Scott. The old “Playhouses,” by the old Theatrical Hand, will be recommenced next week.

G. A. S.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

"Dreary drip of dilatory declamation" is good. Availing himself of "apt alliteration's artful aid," the Marquis of Salisbury, in his pungent Academy speech, thus happily characterised the eternal chatter on Ireland in the House of Commons. The "dreary drip" has been relieved by fresh "scenes," it is true. But the Prime Minister's phrase applies none the less to the general flow of the wearisome and wasteful discussion.

Noble Lords on Monday quite came up to the description Lord Salisbury drew of them in the same smart Disraelian speech:—"Sufficient and useful labour, not trenching on the exigencies of nutrition, has kept them all in a moderate and reasonable state of health." It was satisfactory to find Lord Harrowby speaking so ably and looking so well as to justify his readmission to the Cabinet at the earliest opportunity. His Lordship's text was the continued presence of French soldiers in the New Hebrides, notwithstanding the explicit declarations of France that there was no intention on the part of that Power to occupy the islands. Bearing in mind the presence of the colonial delegates in London at the present time, the noble Lord opportunely dwelt upon the interest reasonably taken in the New Hebrides by the Australian Colonies. Although the Marquis of Salisbury with habitual force and clearness (and with a distinctness of utterance some noble Lords still sadly neglect) stated that "both France and England have engaged not to annex the New Hebrides," and that the French Government had assured her Majesty's Government that the troops had only been landed to suppress disorder, Lord Rosebery and Earl Granville deemed it adroit to assume, in a manner, the character of British tars, by rolling up to the table, and suggesting the desirability of having a British force and British ships also stationed at the New Hebrides. As a past Colonial Secretary of experience himself, the Earl of Carnarvon recommended the Government to come to some such an agreement with France in regard to the Pacific islands as they had entered into with Germany. Lord Salisbury on the morrow repaired an omission, as he put it, and said, "There is a ship of the Royal Navy at the New Hebrides, and there has always been one stationed there."

Whilst this question of "high politics," as Lord Beaconsfield would have phrased it, has occupied the House of Lords, personalities have continued to be bandied, it is to be regretted, in the Lower Chamber. The night on which the division on Mr. R. Reid's amendment took place was an exception. On the Twenty-eighth of April, after earnest and good speeches by Lord John Manners and Mr. John Morley respectively for and against the Irish Repression of Crimes Bill, the Government maintained their solid majority of 101—there being 341 against and 240 for Mr. Reid's amendment in favour of postponing further consideration of the measure till the remedial Bill of the Ministry should reach the Commons from the Lords. Mr. Leonard Courtney (as admirable a Chairman of Committees as Mr. Peel is a Speaker) is deservedly respected for his judicial impartiality and firmness. The latter qualification for his post has often to be displayed in Committee on the Irish Crimes Bill by reason of the "gutter language" in favour with certain Irish Home Rulers, who apparently find it impossible to discipline their unruly tongues. Be this as it may, it must at the same time be admitted that considerable acumen and logical force have animated some of the speeches from the followers of Mr. Parnell, whose task of leadership has, since his illness and absence in Ireland, devolved upon Mr. Justin McCarthy. Mr. T. M. Healy particularly has, with accustomed courage and forensic skill, faced the whole legal strength of the Treasury bench, and resolutely contended against clause after clause of the (to him) unpalatable Bill, often cheered by Mr. Gladstone, who is wont to turn round in his seat on the front Opposition bench, next Mr. John Morley, in order to watch the rugged young orator he obviously sympathises with. This was markedly the case on Monday, when Mr. Healy moved an amendment to the effect that the Bill should be operative in Kerry, Londonderry, and Belfast, instead of "in a proclaimed district." The amendment led to a very lively discussion, in which Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Labouchere, Colonel King-Harman, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill (who afterwards leant down from his corner seat behind Ministers, and evidently prompted the Attorney-General for Ireland to reply to Mr. Healy's second speech), Sir Richard Webster, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Charles Russell, and many other hon. members. The Government clung to their "proclaimed district," and had their way, Mr. Healy withdrawing his amendment. Mr. Smith deeming it wise later on to apply the Closure, the Leader of the House was supported by a majority of 122, and an amendment by Mr. M. Healy was negatived by a majority of 119. In the consideration of the Bill in Committee, as before it reached that stage, the Ministry has enjoyed the signal advantage of being strengthened by the counsel of the Liberal Unionist leaders, and of being supported stanchly, as a rule, by the phalanx of Liberal Unionist members, Sir Henry James being their representative while the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain were away.

Time occupied in vindicating the honour of members of the House cannot be said to be lost. No one, accordingly, could fairly grudge the hours occupied by the "breach of privilege" motion submitted, on Tuesday, by Sir Charles Lewis, who seemed for the nonce to be more careful of the fair fame of some Home Rule members than they had hitherto been, in public, themselves. Boldly continuing its policy of deliberately questioning the good faith of Mr. Parnell and his Parliamentary followers, the *Times* of Monday had, as Sir Charles Lewis said, declared that "nearly all Mr. Dillon's statements are demonstrably false"—meaning the statements the hon. member for Mayo made on the 22nd ult. in denying the accuracy of Lord Hartington's charges as to his association with Mr. J. P. Sheridan, accused of planning murder whilst a Land-League agent. The article having been read by the Clerk at the table, Sir Charles Lewis formally moved that the publication "is a breach of the privileges of this House." As the question was sprung on the House, Mr. W. H. Smith moved the adjournment of the debate. But Mr. Dillon, who avowed himself quite ready to answer the allegation of the *Times*, and Mr. Healy, Mr. Sexton (who in a remarkably eloquent impromptu speech denounced what he stigmatised as a system of "moral assassinations"), and many others, including one Conservative member besides Sir C. Lewis, pleaded for immediate discussion. The Government motion for adjournment was carried by a diminished majority of 39. On Wednesday, Mr. Smith said the Government were of opinion that the allegation that the printing of the *Times* article was a breach of privilege was not "sustained by precedent." He earnestly recommended the Parnellites to enter an action at law against the *Times*, and avowed the willingness of the Attorney-General to act as counsel for the prosecution in conjunction with any advocate they might name. Mr. T. P. O'Connor preferred a Committee of the House to try the case. Assuredly, it is high time for some tribunal to decide the grave issue.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES
AT MANCHESTER.

On Tuesday, the Manchester Royal Jubilee Exhibition, of which an account is given on another page, was opened by the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess. Their Royal Highnesses were the guests of Lord Egerton of Tatton, at Tatton Park, Knutsford, fifteen miles from Manchester on the Cheshire side. They arrived there on Monday evening. Next morning they set forth with Lord Egerton, driving across his park in an open carriage with four bays, to the little town of Knutsford, where they were met by a May Day procession. The "Queen of the May," Miss Mary Ellen Howarth, dressed in cream-coloured satin with lace, sat on a throne in front of the Townhall, with her six maids of honour, crown and sceptre bearers, two pages, and other Court attendants. The Prince and Princess of Wales halted there; a bouquet of orchids was presented by the young Queen of May to her Royal Highness; Mr. Nicholls, chairman of the May-Day festivities committee, was introduced by Lord Egerton, and the ceremony of crowning the May Queen was performed. The Prince and Princess then went to the Knutsford railway station, and a special train conveyed them to Manchester in twenty minutes, arriving at a quarter past eleven. The Royal party had been joined by Lord Hartington.

At the Central Station, Lower Mosley-street, their Royal Highnesses were met by the Mayor and Mayoress of Manchester (Alderman and Mrs. Curtis), the High Sheriff of Lancashire, the Bishop of Manchester, General Daniell (commanding the Northern Military District), and some members of the Reception Committee of the Town Council, with their ladies. Several of these persons were presented. A battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers, which formed the guard of honour, saluted the Royal visitors, and the National Anthem was played by the regimental band. A procession of carriages escorted the Prince and Princess, cheered by many thousands of people, across Peter-street and through Mount-street and Albert-square to the grand Gothic Townhall. The streets and square were thronged with enthusiastic citizens. A triumphal arch was erected at the entrance to the square, and the way was adorned with festoon garlands and flags on Venetian masts; the front of the Townhall was also decorated, and its bells made pleasant music.

The Prince and Princess, alighting and entering the Townhall, were conducted up the staircase to the noble public hall, the walls of which are painted in fresco, by Mr. Ford Madox Brown, with scenes of local history. Having taken their seats on the platform, they heard an address of welcome from the Town Council, read by Mr. West, Q.C., the Recorder. The Prince of Wales read his reply, in which he noticed the Exhibition, the Queen's Jubilee year, the wealth and importance of Manchester, and the fine building of the new Townhall. Among the assembly were the Mayors of many Lancashire and Cheshire towns, members of Parliament, and some of the nobility and gentry. There was music from the organ. In the Mayor's banquet-hall an address from the ladies was presented by Miss Emily Faithfull, and one from the Lancashire and Cheshire Institutes.

The procession from the Townhall to the Exhibition, at Old Trafford, about four miles, by a circuitous route, went down John Dalton-street, through Deansgate, up Victoria-street, Market-street, and Piccadilly, by the London-road, to Ardwick-green, turned into Brunswick-street to Oxford-road, entered Stretford-new-road from Grosvenor-square, and reached the Exhibition at half-past one. Sir Joseph Lee, chairman of the executive committee, Mr. Bapty, the general manager, and Mr. Gillies, the secretary, received the Prince and Princess. They first saw "Old Manchester and Salford," the models of ancient buildings, and then took luncheon in the palm-house of the Botanic Gardens. The Grenadier Guards' band played "God Save the Queen." Sir Joseph Lee proposed the toast of her Majesty's health.

The ceremony of opening the Exhibition took place in the Music-room, in the nave of the building. Mr. Charles Hallé's orchestra, with Madame Albani as chief singer and a choir of vocalists, performed the National Anthem. The Princess walked in with Sir Joseph Lee, and the Prince had Lady Lee on his arm. Her Royal Highness wore a dress of black velvet. Among the company were Lord Wharcliffe, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, and Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. Sir Joseph read the address of the executive committee and presented a splendidly bound volume containing it, with the official catalogue, and a gold master-key. A prayer offered by the Bishop of Manchester, and a psalm composed by Dr. C. Villiers Stanford, added solemnity to the occasion. The Prince of Wales briefly replied to the address, commending the design of the Exhibition. He then declared it open; trumpets sounded, and a salute of artillery was fired. Their Royal Highnesses walked through the Exhibition. Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise and Beethoven's Hallelujah Chorus were sung. At five o'clock, from the Old Trafford Station, the Royal party returned to Tatton Park.

FRANCO-GERMAN FRONTIER INCIDENT.

The judicious act of Prince Bismarck, in ordering the release of the French Commissary of Police, M. Schnaebele, who was forcibly carried off to prison by the German police on the 20th ult., has relieved public opinion from very painful anxieties. M. Schnaebele, who is a native of Pfaffenhofen, in Alsace, and is nearly sixty years of age, was formerly a teacher at the technical school of Mulhausen, but in 1860 entered the police, and has been employed at different posts on the frontier, but for some years past at the Pagny-sur-Moselle railway station. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and was about to retire from the service with a good-conduct pension. The German Government authorities profess to have got evidence that M. Schnaebele, who often came to Metz, was plotting with the disaffected Lorraine and Alsace subjects of the German Empire. A private judicial investigation resulted in a secret order being issued for the arrest of M. Schnaebele whenever he should be found on German territory. Herr Gautsch, the German Commissary of Police at Ars-sur-Moselle, wrote him several letters, inviting him to a friendly conference upon several little matters belonging to the regulation of the frontier police. One matter was that the German boundary-post on the road had recently been thrown down by some persons unknown. M. Schnaebele went to the spot, expecting there to meet Herr Gautsch; but, after waiting a little time, he was suddenly attacked by two men disguised in blouses, who proved to be German policemen. He had crossed the frontier line a few yards, and now tried to run back to the French side of it, but was pursued and caught by the men, with whom he wrestled in vain. Our illustration of this scene shows the French and German posts marking the boundary, not directly opposite each other; the German post, which is painted in stripes with the national colours, has been overthrown. M. Schnaebele, who had not been ill-treated during his confinement, returned to France at the end of last week.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Matinées, with all their wearisome waste of valuable time, have this one advantage, that they occasionally bring to the front actors and actresses who would otherwise pine in obscurity. In these days of long runs it is the most difficult thing in the world for ambitious people to get the practice that leads to notoriety. Energy and ambition are alike cramped when plays run for hundreds of nights, and the same words and sentiments have to be uttered *ad nauseam*. The farce called "A Tragedy," and the comedy by Mr. Mortimer, successfully played at the Criterion as "The Alderman," are, no doubt, good as far as they go; but managers must be endowed with a considerable amount of faith if they seriously consider that such entertainments are, in the eyes of the paying public, worth half a guinea. The absurd and indefensible practice of half-guinea stalls is obstinately maintained at every possible theatre, important and insignificant, and yet the entertainment given grows small by degrees and beautifully less. In the old days—how people hate one for quoting them—besides seeing Robson in the "Porter's Knot" or "Daddy Hardacre," you would see him and many others afterwards in one of Talford's witty burlesques, or, if not that, in some screaming farce like "Boots at the Swan" or "Retained for the Defence." Often two or three plays were acted on one evening at the Haymarket, and at both theatres late playgoers had the advantage of half-price. Now, Mr. Willie Edouin's performance in "A Tragedy" is, no doubt, very amusing; but if it is worth half a guinea to see it, what should be the relative worth of a visit to the Lyceum to see Irving in two plays, or to be amused with the sparkle, fun, and incessant amusement of a Gaiety extravaganza? Plays like "A Tragedy" and the "Alderman," clever and well written as they are, should be played before some music or some light entertainment of a satirical order.

The "Alderman" contains much more of a true comedy vein than any little play of the kind that has been produced for some time. The two old soldiers are capital sketches, true to life; and one of them brought again to the front a young actor whose perseverance is bearing good fruit. Mr. Brandon Thomas has recently been acting remarkably well. His clever sketch of a very disagreeable character in "The Great Felicidad" has been followed by the old one-armed officer in "The Alderman," who, in the person of Mr. Brandon Thomas, appeared as a very dignified, refined, and pathetic old gentleman. One scene, containing a well-written speech, brought down the house, and this was not wholly due to the situation. The actor had much to do with it; for it is one thing on the stage to get an opportunity, and quite another to avail yourself of it. Mr. W. Herbert was also excellent as a careless, satirical, good-natured friend who utters home-truths of a not very agreeable nature with an air of absolute geniality. If the little American girl, so cleverly played by Miss Lydia Cowell, could have been a little lower down in the social scale than she professed to be, she would have been more acceptable to several American ladies present. They held, and no doubt justly, that smart as the slang was, it was not the slang of the drawing-room. With a very little care and strengthening "The Alderman" would surely make a very good play for Mr. Toole; and it was remarked at the time how thoroughly Mr. George Barrett had caught Mr. Toole's manner as the undecided and impulsive citizen.

The next events of theatrical importance are the revival of "The Clandestine Marriage," with Mr. William Farren as Lord Ogleby, at the Strand; and the production of "As in a Looking-Glass" by Mrs. Bernard Beere, at the Opera Comique. It is to be hoped that the "Looking-Glass" of Mr. Philips has been well dusted, for it was not possible to see many respectable faces in it when he held the mirror up to so-called Nature in the pages of a much-disputed novel.

C. S.

On Monday the Lord Provost of Glasgow cut in West-End Park the first turf of the International Exhibition, which will be opened next year.

Mr. Herbert Bendall, M.A., of Christ's College, Cambridge, Vice-Principal of Liverpool College, has been appointed Head Master of Blackheath Proprietary School.

In consequence of the election of Mr. R. P. Tyler as an Alderman, a vacancy in the Common Council was created in the representation of Queenhithe Ward, and last week a ward-mote was held in the Parish room, Huggin-lane, for the election of a successor. Mr. G. R. Pryke was the only candidate, and accordingly he was unanimously elected.

Prince Henry of Battenberg presided on Tuesday over the annual festival dinner of the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress, held at the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole. The donations, including £100 each from the Queen and the German Emperor and £50 from the Emperor of Austria, amounted to about £3000.

The Skinners' Scholarship of £50 a year, and a college scholarship of £30 a year, both tenable for three years, offered in connection with the March entrance examination of Girton College, Cambridge, have been awarded to Miss M. M'Affee, of the Methodist College, Belfast, and Miss J. B. Webster, of the North London Collegiate School for Girls.

The P. and O. steam-ship Chusan has brought home the survivors of the crew of the Tasmania, recently wrecked on the Monachi rocks in the Straits of Bonifacio. They are 118 in number, of whom forty-five are Europeans and seventy-three natives. The passengers of the Tasmania who had previously arrived in England were sent overland from Marseilles.

There have been some terrible disasters at sea. The pearl-fishing fleet on the north-east coast of Australia has been overwhelmed by a hurricane, and it is estimated that more than 500 people have perished.—The steamer Benton has been sunk by collision near Formosa, and one hundred and fifty persons drowned.—The two Liverpool ships Inversnaid and Malabar have been posted at Lloyd's as missing—that is, given up as lost with all on board. The Inversnaid, a ship of 1614 tons register, left Penarth for Singapore on Oct. 14 last. She had a crew of thirty hands all told. She was last seen off Lundy Island two days after sailing. Fearful weather was then prevailing. The tug-boat which spoke the Inversnaid reported that she appeared to have been badly damaged, and it was feared that she had not weathered the storm. This fear was confirmed by the figure-head of the vessel being washed ashore at Bideford. The Malabar also belonged to Liverpool; and she, too, is supposed to have gone down in the neighbourhood of Lundy Island. She left Cardiff on Dec. 4, for Rio de Janeiro. Soon after, very bad weather set in; and in a few days her name-board was picked up, and subsequently the medicine-chest. There were twenty-three men on board.—A Reuter's telegram from New York states that the schooner Flying Shield, bound for Alaska from Kodiak, has capsized in the Shelikof Straits. Eighteen men perished.—A telegram from Savannah, Georgia, states that the British steamer Benhope has been burnt at sea. The crew took to the boats, and were picked up and landed at Savannah by a pilot-boat.



THE MANCHESTER ROYAL JUBILEE EXHIBITION: THE TERRA-COTTA ARCADES.

M. Schnaebeli.



French Frontier Post.

German Frontier Post.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN FRONTIER INCIDENT: THE SPOT WHERE M. SCHNAEBELE WAS ARRESTED.

MR. ALFRED GILBERT, A.R.A.

The election, in January, of this accomplished sculptor, whose recent works have been regarded with much interest, to be an Associate of the Royal Academy, was generally approved. Mr. Alfred Gilbert, who was born in London in 1854, was a pupil of Mr. Boehm, R.A.; he afterwards studied in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, in Paris, and subsequently in Rome. In last year's Royal Academy Exhibition, a marble group from his hand, bearing the somewhat enigmatic title of "The Enchanted Chair," attracted much notice. The very beautiful figure of the sleeping girl was greatly admired; while the mystic significance of the eagle's wings beneath which she lay dreaming, and the diversity of surrounding wings that seemed to offer her spirit a choice of various means of ascent to regions of higher life, gave free scope to allegorical interpretation. A bronze statuette by Mr. Gilbert, at the Grosvenor Gallery last year, enhanced his reputation as a sculptor of graceful natural figures. In the present Exhibition of the Royal Academy he has an interesting work, "Post equitem sedet atra cura," which will certainly be noticed; also, a portrait head.



MR. ALFRED GILBERT, A.R.A.

FINE ART AT THE MANCHESTER JUBILEE EXHIBITION.

Thirty years ago, when the late Prince Consort opened the "Art Treasures Exhibition," it was thought by all those capable of judging that the success then achieved was unprecedented. Previously to that date Manchester was scarcely recognised as having any claim to a voice in matters pertaining to the higher culture of the Fine Arts.

Although the Royal Jubilee Exhibition opened by the Prince of Wales on Tuesday is scarcely carried out on the same lines as the Exhibition of 1857, it is characterised by the same active exercise of those art-instincts which made its predecessor so famous, and which will doubtless make this present year of grace alike memorable in the annals of Manchester. Indeed, nothing strikes the visitor who was at Manchester in 1857 more palpably than this fact, that, as regards the structural and decorative arrangements both within and without, from the fitting up of the various sections to the laying out and remodelling of the grounds, immense strides, not only in taste, but in all manner of mechanical and economic appliances, have been made within the last generation.

The main building is one magnificent avenue, extending a thousand feet in length. In the centre rises a finely-proportioned dome, decorated from designs by Ford Madox Brown. It is 90 ft. in diameter, and rises to a height of 150 ft. The rockwork of its splendid fountain, as well as that in the grounds, is the creation of Mr. Clapham, who adds to his sense of the picturesque a scientific habit of mind, which enables him to imitate in his rockwork the natural lie of the new red sandstone that is characteristic of the neighbourhood, and to utilise the same, when inequalities of ground occur, as steps, so that the visitor cannot be otherwise persuaded but that he is walking on the original slabs of an exposed geologic stratum. The domed nave, just mentioned, is flanked throughout its whole length by countless sections, artistic and industrial, of which the four terra-cotta arcades, designed by Mr. Armitage, and filled with beautiful ware by Messrs. Doulton, are most immediately attractive. Over Messrs. Doulton's pavilion at the west end of the central nave is a wonderful astronomical clock, designed by Alderman W. H. Bailey. The east and west avenues of the nave are inclosed with pretty rooms for furniture; the fine-art section occupies the north-east angle of the main building; and the north-west angle holds the Irish section, under the charge of Mr. Deane, of Dublin. The chemical and allied manufactures are at the south end; beyond which

and in the grounds are various machinery annexes of surpassing interest and excellence, not to mention countless open-air exhibits. Among the latter, "Old Manchester and Salford" will prove to the archaeologist a source of great delight. It was partly described last week. The neighbouring grounds have all the charms that a skilful arrangement of wood and water can impart, and the "Fairy Fountain" leaps a clear hundred feet into the dusky air.

Through the courtesy of Mr. S. Lee Bapty, the energetic manager-in-chief, we were permitted to examine the art section some days before the formal opening of the Exhibition. We may say at once that it illustrates in the most exhaustive way what has been done in British art during the last fifty years. There is not a single painter of mark who is not here represented by his very best. The judgment, tact, and energy exercised in bringing such a collection together must have been immense; and if the honour of having made this delight possible be due to one man more than another, that man is Mr. William Agnew, late M.P. for Stretford. But for the active co-operation, however, of two other gentlemen—Mr. J. C. Horsley and Mr. T. O. Barlow, the distinguished Academicians—this magnificent collection of pictures might have been badly hung, and the peculiar merits of each master and school

inadequately or unfairly appraised by the public. Mr. Horsley has hung all the living men, Mr. Barlow all the dead; and it took fully three weeks' hard work to bring the section into presentable order. Nor must we forget Sir James Linton and Mr. Fripp, to whom the hanging of the water colours was wisely intrusted.

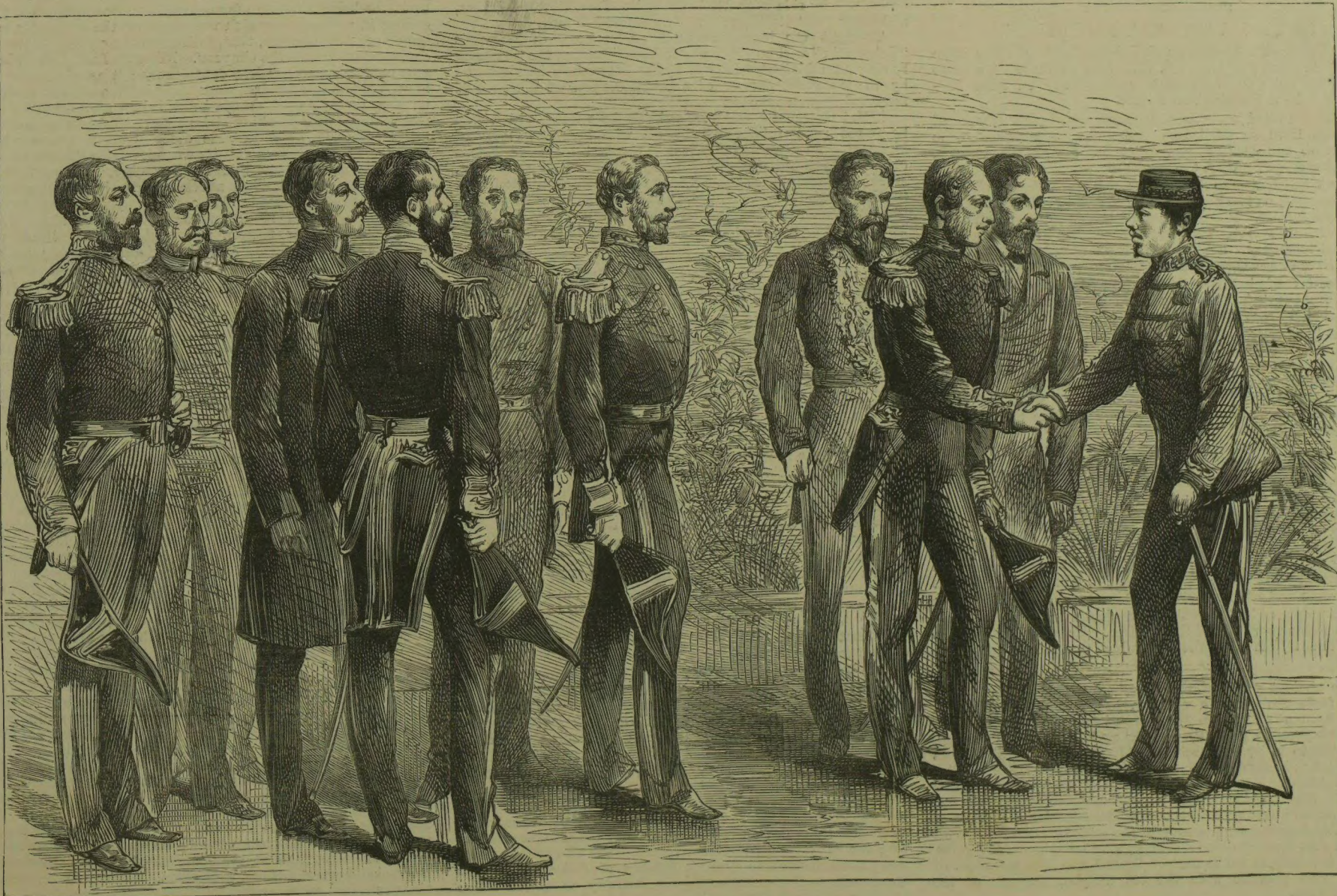
To walk through the long succession of rooms—thirteen in all, half of which are 100 ft. by 30 ft. and the other half 80 ft. by 30 ft.—is like walking through the French Salon; and, as if to lend justice to the comparison, it may be mentioned that the Manchester Exhibition has also its *salon carré*, or what is very near one, its dimensions being 80 ft. by 60 ft. It occupies the centre of the long line of rooms, and divides the works of the present masters from the past. Generally speaking, where practicable and at the same time desirable, the works of individual men have been hung *en bloc*, or in the immediate neighbourhood of artists whose works are in sympathy with theirs, either in subject or colour.

The Hall of Honour has on its walls Sir Frederick Leighton's great mural work called "The Daphnephoria," flanked by "Winter Fuel" and the "Moses" of Sir John Everett Millais. The latter has also, in Room No. V., "Asleep," "Awake," and "The Night Walker," as well as his "Vale of Rest," "The North-west Passage," "The Youth of Raleigh," and others, to the number of fourteen. E. F. Watts has several of his more mystic and poetic subjects, and nearly a score of his best portraits. Madox Brown's large picture of "Work," as well as his "Romeo and Juliet," and his "Cromwell"—sitting, lost in thought, on his white horse, which is quietly nibbling the grass at the roadside—are all here; so, too, are Holman Hunt's "Shadow of Death," his "Strayed Sheep," and his "Scape-goat." Gabriel Rossetti's *chef d'œuvre* of "Dante and Beatrice" is accompanied by several of his magnificent female portraits. Mr. Poynter's two great wall pictures, "The Race of Atalanta," and its three companions, as well as his exquisite little "Venus and Æsculapius," must also be classed among the more important exhibits. Nor does the Scottish school go unrepresented. Pettie and Orchardson, and Faed, Graham, and McWhirter, and Colin Hunter, are all here at their best; and Sir James Linton, Sir John Gilbert, Vicat Cole, Luke Fildes, Alfred W. Hunt, Philip Calderon, John Brett, Lady Butler, Briton Riviere, Burne Jones, Alma Tadema, and many another artist dear to fame speak to us from the walls of this remarkable Exhibition. Nor is that portion of it devoted to the works of deceased masters a whit less satisfactory. In short, whether we look at the reproductions in black and white, at the water colours, the oil paintings, or the sculpture, we can come to no other conclusion than this—that Manchester has shown us, in the most exhaustive and satisfying way, all that this country has done in art during the last half-century.

J. F. R.

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

Vice-Admiral Vesey Hamilton, C.B., and the Captains of the British squadron on the China station, were lately received by his Imperial Majesty the Mikado of Japan, at the Akasaki Palace in Tokio, the capital city, formerly called Yedo. We are favoured with a Sketch of this scene by the Rev. R. O'D. Ross-Lewin, chaplain of H.M.S. Audacious. The Mikado wore a plain undress military uniform. He was accompanied by the Prime Minister of Japan, and by Sir Francis Plunkett, the British Minister, in the full dress of the diplomatic service. The floor of the room was of polished wood, and the walls were decorated with tapestry in Japanese designs of birds and flowers. This reception of the British officers is considered a great honour, and is contrasted with the Japanese Court customs a few years ago, when the Mikado was almost invisible to the highest in rank of his own subjects.



RECEPTION OF BRITISH NAVAL OFFICERS BY THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

THE COURT.

The Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, after a month's absence from England, arrived at Portsmouth yesterday week from Aix-les-Bains, and at once proceeded to Windsor. On Sunday morning her Majesty, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor. The Dean of Windsor officiated and preached the sermon. The Marquis of Salisbury arrived at the castle and had an audience of her Majesty, and afterwards dined with the Queen and the Royal family. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby had the honour of being invited. On Monday morning her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, drove out. The Marquis of Salisbury left the castle. Prince and Princess Christian dined with her Majesty; and the Right Hon. Sir E. Malet, our Ambassador at Berlin, and Lady Ermytrude Malet had the honour of being invited. The Queen walked out on Tuesday morning with Princess Beatrice. The Judge-Advocate had an audience. The Queen decorated Conductor of Supplies Samuel Reid, Commissariat and Transport Corps, with the medal for "distinguished conduct in the field" for gallantry displayed by him in the action of Hasheen, in the Soudan, on March 20, 1885. The Queen received the colonial representatives to the Imperial Conference on Wednesday morning.—Next Saturday, May 14, her Majesty will open the People's Palace at the East-End.

The Prince of Wales was present, with the Marquis of Lorne, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Carnarvon, and other noblemen and gentlemen, at a dinner given by Sir Henry Holland at the Colonial Office, yesterday week, to the Colonial Delegates and to various gentlemen connected with the Crown Colonies. His Royal Highness said he had heard with pleasure that everything connected with the Colonial Conference had been prosperous, and he wished as strongly as anyone that the good feeling between the mother country and the Colonies should be established on a still firmer basis. Last Saturday morning the Prince, presiding over the final meeting of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition Commission, stated that the substantial surplus of £35,235 remained in the hands of the Commission. Of this balance the sum of £5964 was appropriated for liquidating the deficit on the Inventions Exhibition, £4279 invested in the name of the trustees to meet possible contingencies, and £25,000 transferred to the Imperial Institute fund. In the evening his Royal Highness dined with Sir Frederick Leighton (the President) and the Council of the Society of Arts at Burlington House. The Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House from Sandringham. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess, accompanied by their three daughters, were present at Divine service. Their Royal Highnesses left town on Monday morning for the residence of Lord Egerton of Tatton, in Cheshire; and on Tuesday they opened the Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester.—The Princess has consented to open a bazaar on behalf of the building fund of St. Saviour's Priory, Haggerston, to be held at the Shoreditch Townhall, on Tuesday, May 17, at four o'clock. The Prince proposes to extend his visit to Great Yarmouth from Wednesday, the 18th inst., when he will lay the foundation-stone of a new hospital, to Thursday, the 19th inst., in order that he may inspect the 2nd Brigade of the Eastern Division of Royal Artillery, under the command of Lord Suffield. Shadingfield Lodge will be the temporary residence of the Prince during his visit to Great Yarmouth.—The Prince and Princess will open the new buildings of the London Hospital at five o'clock on Saturday, May 21.—His Royal Highness will, on the Queen's behalf, hold a Levée at St. James's Palace on Saturday, May 21.—The Prince will visit Dorchester on Thursday, June 2. He will be entertained at luncheon by the Mayor, afterwards proceeding to the show-yard of the Bath and West of England Society.—The following subscriptions to the Imperial Institute were forwarded to the Prince of Wales during last week:—The Comte de Paris, £200; the Sheriff of Bombay, £1000; the Maharajah of Bikanir, 30,000 rupees.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

In connection with her Majesty's Jubilee there will be a State concert on June 1 or June 2, a State ball on June 24, a State concert on June 28, and a State garden-party on June 29—all to be held at Buckingham Palace.

Three hundred and twenty members of the House of Commons have signified their intention to accompany the Speaker to the Jubilee Service at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on Sunday, the 22nd inst.

The Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours will give a costume ball on Monday, the 16th inst., in celebration of her Majesty's Jubilee. The galleries of the institute, in addition to the Prince's Hall, will be used on the occasion. It is intended to open the ball with tableaux illustrating incidents in the lives of the Queens of England.

A series of brilliant entertainments to celebrate the auspicious event, is being organised by the members of the Incorporated Law Society.

The Lincolnshire Exhibition, which is to be the county celebration of the Jubilee year, will be opened at Lincoln on June 15. The exhibition will comprise five sections—fine arts, embroidery and needlework, industrial, historical, and scientific—and will include, in addition to a collection of Lincolnshire productions, a selection from the South Kensington art treasures.

Mr. Edward Wadsworth, formerly a silk manufacturer, of Macclesfield, has offered £5000 as a Jubilee gift to restore Macclesfield parish church, and a second £5000 contingent upon his approving the details of the restoration.

There has been a public demonstration at Bangor in connection with the inauguration of a Jubilee clock, and a tower 50 ft. in height, which have been presented to the city by the Mayor, Alderman T. Lewis. The ceremony was performed by the wife of the Mayor, and was attended by the corporation and other public bodies.

The people of Mid Rhondda have decided to erect a public hall in commemoration of the Jubilee. Mr. Idris Williams, a local resident, has given the site, valued at £1000.

The ancient guild of the Crossbowmen of Ghent, which dated from the eleventh century, has just dissolved itself. Count Egmont and many other illustrious men belonged to it. The most precious possession of the guild, a chased silver cup, presented to it by the Archduke Albert and the Archduchess Isabella, has been sold to Baron Rothschild for 25,000*fr.* After a final banquet there remained a sum of 20,000*fr.*, which was handed over to the Charity Commission at Ghent for the purchase of bedding for the poor. The remaining objects of historical interest were placed in the custody of the town of Ghent. At Brussels there still exist a crossbowmen's guild, which is nearly as old as that of Ghent, and the members of which still practise with the old weapon, the rifle of the Middle Ages.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, May 3.

Once more France has avoided war, if in reality she was threatened with that scourge. The Pagny incident has been closed by the liberation, without apology, of the French commissaire, Schnaebelé. Prince Bismarck has thought fit to render public the diplomatic note in which he informs the French Ambassador at Berlin of this fact, and justifies his conduct before Europe. The French are satisfied, inasmuch as this document necessarily presents Bismarck in the light of an accused man who is defending himself in the eyes of public opinion, which in this case represents the voice of reason and justice. The probability now is that we shall hear no more of this affair; but there is equal probability that some other incident will soon occur, for Bismarck evidently does not love the French, and, to judge from the German press, the idea of the Universal Exhibition of 1889 especially irritates him.

The Ministry of Commerce, alarmed by these rumours, has sent a fresh circular to the foreign correspondents to the following effect. The French Government has several times declared that it meant to give no political character to the Exhibition of 1889, which is to be an International Exhibition. The foreign Powers were invited to take part in it only when the organisation of the enterprise in France had assumed a liberal character. All the officers and administrators of the Exhibition have been chosen without regard to their political opinions. The great French manufacturers have likewise laid aside their political convictions, and have not only promised to exhibit, but have also subscribed the guarantee fund. And now, here are the newspapers trying to make out that it is the foreigners who wish to introduce political questions into the matter and to make them an arm against the Exhibition. It is pretended that the date of 1889, centenary of events of sad memory, offends England, Austria, Russia, Germany, and even Italy. The Administration of the Exhibition suggests that, if such be the case, and if the Governments of these countries see no real use in the Exhibition, the simplest way will be for those who wish to exhibit to form syndicates and to ask only platonic protection of their Governments, as was done in the case of the Exhibitions of Amsterdam and Antwerp. It is only just to state that, in spite of all rumours to the contrary, the moving soul of the Exhibition of 1889, M. Georges Berger, counts absolutely on the final participation of all the great European Powers.

Three elections took place last Sunday, with results which are interesting as symptoms of the opinion of the country. At Marseilles the Communist and corrupt Municipal Council was replaced by a Council of respectable Republican citizens. In the Vendée, a Monarchist senator was elected, the reactionary majority being precisely the same in numbers as it was at a similar election last year. In the Haute Garonne, hitherto a reactionary Department of the Buonapartist shade, the Republican candidate obtained a majority of upwards of 2000 votes.

The grand social and artistic event of the past week was "varnishing day" at the Salon. I suppose in no other city in the world does the opening of a picture exhibition attract so much attention, and so many people. Last Saturday more than 12,000 people passed the turnstiles of the Palais de l'Industrie, and, out of these, 2000 paid ten francs each for the privilege of seeing the "Tout-Paris Artistique" take a first look at the pictures of the year, which were, of course, rendered invisible by the density of the crowd. The catalogue comprises 5318 numbers, of which 2521 are oil paintings, about 1000 drawings, water colours and pastels, and 1000 works of sculpture. On the whole it is a very interesting exhibition; the general average is very high, and the number of striking works considerable, as will be demonstrated in due time in this Journal.

On Sunday the mortal remains of the composer Rossini were transferred from the cemetery of Père Lachaise to the Lyons Railway Station, whence they were dispatched to Florence under the care of two deputies of the Italian Parliament. The Swan of Pesaro will be definitively interred in Santa Croce, side by side with Michel Angelo, Macchiavelli, Galileo, and other great Italian rulers of minds and of men.

To-night the long-announced performance of Wagner's "Lohengrin" will be given at the Eden Theatre, the ceremony having been hitherto delayed by the Schnaebelé incident and by the supposed danger of a manifestation on the part of fanatical French patriots.

MM. Tresse and Stock have published a volume which will be found most interesting by all who love the House of Molière. "La Comédie Française pendant les deux Sièges (1870-71)" is the diary kept day by day by the then administrator, M. Ed. Thierry, who noted, not only facts concerning the life of the Comédie, but also the thousand and one dramas of the streets, the boulevards, and the ramparts during the "Terrible Year." This simple diary forms a volume of fascinating interest.

T. C.

On Friday week the Queen Regent of Spain, on horseback, accompanied by the Minister of War and Marshal Martinez Campos, and other distinguished officers, reviewed 15,000 troops of the Madrid garrison, drawn up on the Prada de Recoletos and the Castellana Promenade. Her Majesty was loyally greeted by the spectators.

On Monday the Art Exhibition at Venice was opened by the King and Queen of Italy. On Tuesday the King laid the first stone of the new torpedo works at Venice, and afterwards was present, with the Queen, at the launch of the new man-of-war Galileo.

The German Emperor on Tuesday inspected the 1st Prussian Foot Guards at Potsdam, and will hold the usual spring reviews in person.

Seven of the Nihilists charged with complicity in the attempt against the Czar have been sentenced to death. The other accused were sentenced to penal servitude.

The King and Queen of the Hellenes, accompanied by the Crown Prince and Princess Alexandra and suites, have started on a tour to the Peloponnese.—Of the eight Greek officers who are charged with treachery in surrendering to the Turks during the fighting on the frontier in the spring, three have been sentenced to death and five acquitted. The condemned officers will appeal to a higher tribunal.

We learn from Egypt that, on Thursday week, Colonel Chermiside attacked the Dervishes who had occupied Sarra, and carried their positions at the point of the bayonet, when they fled, leaving 150 dead, including their leader, Nur-el-Kunsi. They had forty also killed in the pursuit. Chermiside had forty killed and wounded.

A Bill for creating a national park in the Rocky Mountains has passed its second reading in the Canadian House of Commons. The district to be reserved for that purpose, twenty-six miles long and ten broad, centres round the already celebrated Banff Hot Springs.—Representation in the Senate is to be given to the North-West Territories.—The Canadian Government have decided to grant a subsidy of £40,000 a year for three years to the Canadian Pacific Railway, in aid of a line of steamers to run between Vancouver Island and Australia.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Brilliant indeed have been both the great society events of the week—the private views of the Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery. I had a little talk with one distinguished Academician, who said that he deplored the crush, and could not think how so many people came to be there notwithstanding the care with which the limited number of invitation-tickets are distributed. Really, however, the charm and interest of being at a private view depends on the people who are there—the folk distinguished in art, literature, and the drama, and the ladies who have carefully thought out their gowns, and display the newest spring fashions for the occasion. Of both these human attractions there was a goodly abundance at both views; while, in addition, the Academy walls are more interesting and the Grosvenor walls more characteristic (with three Burne-Joneses and a Holman Hunt on them) than has been the case for some seasons past.

The spacious chambers of the Academy allow of a certain magnificence of attire, while the design of those who would be remarked in the closer crowd of the Grosvenor is rather to be original than gorgeous. Some people wore the same dress on both occasions. Madame Antoinette Sterling had provided herself a startlingly brilliant costume—a bright green plush polonaise, the drapery reaching to the ground behind, and opening in front over a plain tablier of stiff tapestry; the design (an excellent one for window curtains) being large clusters of conventional flowers in vases, green on old gold ground. A green plush hat and yellow feather finished off this costume. Hardly less striking was Lady Martin (Miss Helen Fancit, of theatrical fame), who defied the biographical dictionaries in a large hat, set well on the back of the head, and trimmed with several bronze-green and pale blue feathers; with this she wore a handsome robe of bronze-green faille Française, with panels of white and green brocade, and a black satin mantle trimmed down the back with gold cord. Mrs. Stirling formed quite a contrast in her long black velvet coat, and heliotrope silk bonnet of a good big "old lady" shape. Mrs. Alma Tadema had a becoming dress of peacock blue, the edges of the flounces up the front embroidered with white. [Note: Mr. Alma Tadema's picture is, to my thinking, the picture of the year. The benignity and dignity conjoined in the countenances of those matrons, young and old, who are protecting the girls, and the exquisite beauty—not always to be seen in that artist's pictured women—of the faces and figures of the "Chyades" in the foreground, are to me most charming, while the workmanship is beyond any praise of mine. But can it be true; as a little bird whispered to me at the private view, that the artist who has lavished such care on painting women, in so noble an attitude as that of these matrons, and of so lovely an aspect as that of these girls, can be in practice accustomed to exert all his influence against the admission of women's work to the Academy, and against its prominence of place? Surely it cannot be so!] Mr. Fildes and Mr. Samborne were both accompanied by their wives—Mrs. Fildes in black silk, the bodice trimmed with a slanting line of jet passementerie; and Mrs. Samborne in brown faille Française, with plush revers up the front, and a loose waistcoat and tablier of brown crêpe. This dress was elegantly draped in a new and effective manner by means of a series of rows of fine gathers, about three inches square, in place of a pleat in the exact centre of the waist at the back, full folds rising up on either side.

It would be hard to say whether Lady Archibald or Lady Colin Campbell was the more conspicuously attired. The former, who is an active member of Lady Harberton's dress reform league, had a divided skirt and saggy short tunic of thick blue serge, loosely belted round the waist; all this being partially covered by a long blue cloth coat, worn unfastened and thrown back, and the costume being completed by a fisherman's cap in vivid violet velvet. Lady Colin had a heliotrope silk dress, showing through the lace which formed the lower part in front of her long black silk mantle, and a wonderful high transparent hat. The shape was of plaited jet, broad in the brim, high and round in the crown; at the back, the brim turned up far above the crown, the raised piece ending in a point, to which was attached the stem of a huge bunch of lilac blossom, that, falling on the crown, formed the entire trimming of the chapeau. Nor was Lady Colin's head-gear at the Grosvenor less conspicuous; it was a black lace bonnet, rising in a gradual slope to the back, and there trimmed with a profusion of orange-hued tulips and orange velvet ribbon, the latter forming strings also. There were only too many instances of unsuitable dress—I mean attire which, for some reason, did not suit its wearer. Lady Colin's hat was a new "Directoire," and, so far as becomingness went, it suited her to perfection. But another charming "Directoire" chapeau, evidently made for a young and pretty woman, appeared ugly and ridiculous on a dame of about sixty. It was of yellow tussan, the upright brim lined with gathered yellow plush, and the trimming being nothing else but a nodding plume of three pale yellow feathers, set straight upright beside each other, and just appearing over the front. This trimming was quite correct—the "latest thing out"—but, oh! so unsuited to its wearer. An old-young lady of some fifty winters, too, looked doubtfully decorated by a green plush hat of enormous size, trimmed with loops of blue ribbon, and set above frizzled grey locks. Mrs. Jopling's plain black cashmere gown, grey jacket, and black hat with daffodils in it, was a charming contrast to such over-dressing; while Mrs. Charles Hancock's green plush gown, with full waistcoat of faille Française, and a row of little pink feather-tips by way of collar, with green plush hat and pink feather, was an illustration of how magnificence may be becomingly worn.

Miss Ellen Terry was interesting at the Grosvenor, though she was only *clad*, not dressed, in a long ulster of rough black cloth, with blue fox boa, and black felt hat with grey feather. Lady Randolph Churchill was charming, in a brown plush mantle and bronze-green dress, and black lace bonnet trimmed with lilies of the valley. Mrs. Oscar Wilde deserved notice, in a long Empire coat, of brown cloth, waist under the arms, bustle non-existent, and big buttons, far above where the waist of to-day flourishes, marking the place where the tradition of this coat supposes it to be. But let all the ladies give place—there was nobody there so interesting as Mr. Gladstone! To see him in his festive mood, gay and sparkling as a young girl at a picnic—to see his flashing eyes, ready and rapid smiles, elastic, quick step, alert observation for the pictures, jocund and careless spirits—that was interesting indeed! He is not an old man; he is an evergreen. There has been some mistake about his baptismal register; he has full twenty years more in his constitution of hale and hearty vigour. He has yet plenty of force to give to the art of surprising the unsophisticated British nation with his suppleness of mind and frame. Mr. Gladstone took off his soft felt hat as soon as he came in, and walked about with it in his hand; he was thus distinguished, like Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna, since everybody else kept a hat on, and extra humility is, in certain circumstances, most certain of attracting attention.

F. F-M.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SECOND NOTICE.

We now proceed to pass in review the principal pictures in each room. The Illustrations given will enable the reader better to appreciate the artistic work; but, in some cases, the reference will be found in the previous or succeeding articles.

Gallery No. I.—Of Sir John Millais's child-picture "The Nest" (25), we have already spoken. The two figures are good, especially the rendering of the child's solemn wonderment; but the background of the picture is unfinished or unsubstantial. Mr. Colin Hunter's "Share of the Toil" (23) is a group of fishwives dividing the portion of the "catch" which has not been sent to market. In this, as in his other works of the year, Mr. Hunter is bright and vigorous; but he is somewhat monotonous in both subject and colour. His distances, moreover, are often so vivid that he has few resources left to give force to his foreground. Mr. Frank Holl's portrait of Sir G. O. Trevelyan (36) is, if possible, a trifle too good, inasmuch as it throws into the face more force and will than the original possesses. The picture, however, is a remarkably powerful one, representing the ex-Secretary for Ireland as he might have been, after months of weariness and watchfulness, still eager in purpose, but baffled at every turn. Just above it hangs Mr. Julius Price's "Travailleurs de la Mer" (35)—a row of women helping to draw the fishing-boat to shore. There is in this, a realisation of Flaxman's motto on the catalogue, as to the need of sentiment in art; but the colouring is too uniform—the sand, especially, being too grey—to make the picture quite a success. At any rate, it compares most favourably with Mr. Val Prinsep's "Nymph Echo" (46), among the rocks—which suggests an unnaturally lengthy lady calling for her clothes. Mr. Henry Wood's "Under the Vine" (47) is, like all his work, a brightly-clothed group of Venetian peasants, rather grey in illumination, but full of life, if not of reality. Mrs. Jopling's portrait of Mrs. Gilliland (51) is firmly, though somewhat hardily, painted; a defect, however, which is considerably modified by its proximity to Mr. B. W. Leader's "Sunset After a Shower" (52), in which this artist supplies for the public his usual stock-in-trade—wet roads, ploughed fields, clear-cut trees against a clear sky. In like manner, to Mr. Otto Scholderer's "Fishmonger" (56), with his well-furnished stall, one cannot refuse to give a certain praise for its technical skilfulness. On the other hand, Mr. David Carr's "Puzzled" (62), a cottage-girl with her slate in hand, with far less pretension, is a far more attractive and poetical work, in which the sentiment is wholly unstrained. Mr. G. H. Boughton's single contribution (which we have reproduced) "Dancing Down the Hay" (64), is somewhat marred by the marionette figures on the mow. In other respects, especially in the admirable rendering of the sea mist giving way before the sun and breeze, the picture displays more power than much of his later work. As a landscape, however, it falls short of Mr. W. L. Picknell's "Bleak December" (70), which throughout is full of robust colouring and powerful drawing. The portraits of Mrs. Joseph (69), by Mr. Orchardson, and of Mrs. Pringle (81), by Mr. Pettie, are in strong contrast. The former, full of natural grace and dignity, represents a seated lady in a black dress, against a yellow background; the latter, a standing figure in steel-blue silk, crude in colour, is scratchy and unpleasant. Mr. J. J. Shannon's portrait of Lady Milbanke (78), in white satin, is perhaps the most noteworthy, exhibiting great delicacy of touch and feeling; and, amongst other works in this room, should be noticed Mr. Julius Hare's landscape (79); Mr. Briton Riviere's "Old World Wanderer" (76)—see Illustration—landing among a flock of seagulls; Mr. Fred. Hall's "Old Birds" (84); Mr. W. Lomas's "Belle of Bordighera" (88), hung too high to be properly appreciated, and Mr. Herkomer's portrait of Dr. Stubbs (90), the Bishop of Chester. Mr. Storey's large canvas, "A Young Prodigal" (91), is thin and conventional, with the exception of the figure of the woman leaning over the table, her back towards the spectator. The idea, however, of *le quart d'heure de Rabelais* is humorously treated.

Gallery No. II.—Of the principal attraction in this room, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Mariamne" (134), we have already spoken; but we return to it with the conviction that for pathos, conception, and execution, it is unsurpassed by any work in the present Exhibition. In its concentration of interest in the central figure of the deeply-wronged wife, it surpasses even the work of Mr. Waterhouse's master, Mr. Alma Tadema. In dealing with the scene in the Jewish judgment-hall, the artist has fairly grappled with the difficulties it presented. In the background, seated in a richly-gilded hemicycle, the Elders and Judges form a solemn group; though, perhaps, too insignificant a one in view of their part in the drama. Herod, in his red mantle, is crouching away from the insidious suggestions of Salome, who stands beside him; and his figure and features reveal the trial through which he is passing. Mariamne herself, manacled, is slowly descending the steps, bearing proudly the doom pronounced upon her. Apart from the depth of feeling displayed in this work, too much praise can scarcely be awarded to the artist for his delicate treatment of the three tones of white—the cashmere dress, the marble steps, and the ivory throne—which form the basis of his scheme of colour. In a very different style, but nevertheless one of the best seascapes of the year, is Mr. Alfred W. Hunt's "On the Dangerous Edge" (118), obviously intended for Robin Hood's Bay, on the north-east coast. Through the soft and mellow haze of evening, the moon is just beginning to throw her pale beams across the scarcely moving sea, which reflects the white light with exquisite truthfulness. Mr. Alfred Hunt's success as a water-colour artist may possibly render him a little timid in the use of oils, and he therefore shows his powers best in scenes such as he has chosen on this occasion, where one forgets his subtle analysis of light in the sense of poetry he has thrown over village, cliff, and sea. Another good picture is Mr. Alfred East's "Land Between the Lochs" (131), simple in subject and treatment, and but for a want of sunlight would be as effective as it is thorough in both composition and technique. Of the *genre* works, we may mention Mr. Lance Calkin's "Bygones" (100), or sentiment in the garret; Mr. R. J. Gordon's "Proposal" (105), or love at an inn; and Mr. Dendy Sadler's "The Old Squire and the Young Squire" (117)—see Illustration—three huntsmen in very harsh scarlet, drinking in a cottage kitchen. Mr. W. B. Richmond has, it seems, at last made his peace with the Academy, sending for the first time for many years two works, of which one, "The Thoughts of Youth, &c." (137) represents a simpering, self-satisfied young lady in yellow dress with long hair falling over her shoulders. If this is the artist's bid for the associateship, we feel he will find many dangerous rivals amongst those who have stood by the Royal Academy in storm as well as sunshine. Mr. Fred. Morgan, who made himself known by his strong individualism, would from "The Favoured Swain" (124) seem now content to follow Mason, but at a long distance. Mr. Edwin Long reproduces himself in "Callista" (132), the image-maker whom we have seen dozens of times under various names; but his brother Academician Mr. Pettie makes a more successful departure in his clever study of country life (here reproduced),

"Two Strings to Her Bow" (152): a village coquette walking arm-in-arm with two rival lovers, both sulking, and she delighted with the situation. The colouring is not pleasant, and the background unreal; and, moreover, it has already been used by Mr. Pettie in his picture now on view at Mr. Maclean's Gallery. Mr. Dampier has achieved something very pretty and delicate in his "Little Pink Girl" (171), against a light background; and Mr. F. Bridgman's "Horse Market" (172) shows him, as a follower of Gérôme, to much greater advantage than his collected sketches in Bond-street. We should also mention Mr. Napier Hemy's "Smelt-Net" (96); Mr. Frank Calderon's John Hampden (147) riding home, mortally wounded, from Chalgrove Field; and Mr. C. G. Morris's "Winter in Finisterre" (159); and, among the portraits, Mrs. Bernard Solomon (143), by Mr. S. Solomon; Miss Clara Montalba (128), by her sister, Miss Hilda Montalba; Mr. J. M. Fletcher (164), by Mr. C. H. Macartney; and that of Baron Henry De Worms (154), by Mr. Frank Holl; Mr. J. B. Burgess' "Cigarette-Makers" (140) is a busy scene, full of life and colour, as may be guessed from our reproduction.

Gallery No. III.—Mr. W. F. Yeames's "Christ-bearer" (179)—see Illustration—St. Christopher crossing the stormy river, is a new departure for an artist who has chiefly found inspiration in Scott's novels and the like. It is apparently an attempt to follow one phase of Mr. Watts's treatment, but hardly a successful one. The Child's face is expressive rather of glee than gratitude, in spite of the perilous predicament of the Saint in the boiling torrent, which threatens to engulf them both. One turns with pleasure to Mr. Luke Fildes's portrait of his wife (185), which, in many respects, is the most attractive picture in this great gallery. The smooth warm skin, delicately coloured; and the rich golden hair are brought out in strong contrast by the simple black evening dress, which the lady wears with the dignity of a duchess. On the other side of Mr. Wells's large canvas is another interesting portrait, that of Mrs. William Playfair (197), by Mr. Sargent, thus affording the means of contrasting English and American portrait-painting. In the former, there is more dignity and sedateness, both of design and method; in the latter, a vividness of touch and colour which is almost dazzling. Both artists have been singularly fortunate in their sitters; but one instinctively feels that the American has applied those powers of idealisation learnt from his French master, Carolus Duran; whilst the Englishman has, by force of careful study, produced a sense of intenseness which the other's brilliancy cannot mar, but rather emphasises. Mr. Stuart Lloyd's "Autumn" (177), and Mr. Alfred Parsons's "Spring" (202) are both bright and excellent specimens of modern landscape-painting, although the latter repeats himself rather too closely. In this room also should be noticed, in addition to those already mentioned, Mr. Peter Graham's "Fowlers' Crag" (196), with the green sea boiling beneath the gull-frequented rocks; Mr. Sidney Cooper's "Drovers' Sweepstake" (203), a more animated scene than we are accustomed to from this veteran animal painter; a scene from "Peveril of the Peak" (213), by Mr. Pettie; "Lilacs" (214), by Sir John Millais, a pretty arch child, holding out her apron full of lilac blossoms; the portraits of Mr. Julius Morgan (222) and Sir Edward Watkin (238), by Mr. H. Herkomer, both profoundly uninteresting subjects, treated with every possible artistic compliment and resource; two pictures by Mr. J. C. Hook, "Fresh from the Waves" (292) and "Young Dreams" (299)—neither better nor worse than anything Mr. Hook has exhibited annually for the last twenty years—children on a cliff, green grass above and blue sea below; two good portraits, Mr. W. S. Gilbert (300), by Mr. Frank Holl, and Mr. Lambert (293), by Mr. Knighton Warren, where the latter has been more lucky in his subject than his more fashionable confrère. It is difficult indeed to understand why Mr. Gilbert should wish to be handed down to posterity in the costume of a gamekeeper or ostler, as his grey "cords" would seem to suggest, inasmuch as it is not as a sportsman that he has rendered himself famous. Mr. Oulless's portrait of Lord John Manners (283) is the best specimen of that artist's work in the present Exhibition; but it must also be admitted that in the gentle courtly representative of "Young England," now grey-headed, he has a subject to which his refined style can do ample justice. Mr. Orchardson's "First Cloud" (291), and Sir John Millais's "Mercy" (298) have already been described; but their attractions will in no way lessen the crowd which Mr. Alma Tadema's "Women of Amphis" (305) will surely draw. We must refer our readers to the catalogue for the story of this picture. The interest lies in the careful elaboration of a canvas containing nearly fifty figures, all of which are treated with conscientious minuteness. Seldom has Mr. Alma Tadema ventured upon so large a scheme, but never has he acquitted himself better. Archaeology for once, at least, is made subordinate to art, and in the waking wanderers, as well as in their ministering protectors, we have a series of elaborate studies, not only of costume and pose, but of sentiment and emotion. Mr. Weguelin's "Toilette of Faunus," which we reproduce, is a good specimen of the Neo-classicists—careful in drawing and subdued in colour. We should further call attention to Mr. Rattray's "In the Heart of the Highlands" (290), and Mr. J. Laidlay's "Norfolk Broads" (297), an impressive picture, and, above all, to Mr. Henry Moore's "First Boats Away" (254), a couple of trawlers getting away in the first lull after a night's storm. The sun is just breaking out from behind the clouds and throwing a long slanting beam across the still-tossing sea. The scene carries with it its own impress of truthfulness, and thus renders the best tribute to the painter's skill.

At the annual Royal Academy banquet last Saturday evening a numerous and distinguished company assembled under the presidency of Sir Frederick Leighton. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord George Hamilton, the Marquis of Salisbury, Professor Huxley, Sir G. Trevelyan, the Lord Mayor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury responded to the several toasts.

Rear-Admiral Robert G. Douglas has been selected for the post of Admiral Superintendent of Malta Dockyard.

OUR SUMMER NUMBER

WILL BE READY MAY 16.

It contains a Tale of powerful interest, entitled, "To Call Her Mine," written expressly for this Summer Number by Mr. Walter Besant, profusely illustrated by Messrs. A. Forestier and G. Montbard.

Two Coloured Pictures, "Butterflies," by J. M. Bowkett, and "Honeysuckles," by B. Anderson, are presented Gratis.

This Holiday Number, consisting of Two Sheets and a Half and Two Coloured Pictures, is inclosed in a Handsome Wrapper. Price One Shilling. By Inland Parcel Post, Threepence extra.

MUSIC.

THE CARL ROSA COMPANY.

Drury-Lane Theatre was reopened on Saturday evening for a new series of performances of operas in English by the company directed by Mr. Rosa. Each successive London season has been an advance on its predecessor; that of last year having been so satisfactory in its results as to induce a longer term for that now just entered on, which will last for six weeks. We have already drawn attention to the incorporation of the "Carl Rosa Opera Company, Limited," and the published statement of past financial results which promise a continuance of prosperity in that respect, as well as a new career of artistic success.

The opera given on the opening night was "Carmen," the cast of which included the same representatives of the principal characters as on many former occasions. Again Madame Marie Roze, as Carmen, gave a fine interpretation of the coquettish vanity, bold impetuosity, and capricious levity of the gipsy girl—the several phases having been, as often before, rendered with true dramatic force free from exaggeration. The music of the character was sung with genuine artistic taste. The Don José of Mr. B. McGuckin, and the Toreador of Mr. Leslie Crotty, were repetitions of excellent performances that need no fresh comment. Miss Fanny Moody gave the music of Michaela with much grace and charm, the other female characters having been filled by Misses Presano and Dickerson. The cast included Mr. A. Cook as Dancairo; and others in subordinate parts. The choral and orchestral details were excellently rendered, and the stage effects were worthy of the reputation of Mr. Augustus Harris, who has procured, from Madrid, dresses resembling those used by Spanish bull-fighters. These were displayed with great effect in Saturday's performance. Mr. Carl Rosa, who conducted the opera, was enthusiastically received by an audience that filled every part of the theatre. "The Bohemian Girl" was announced for Monday, and "Faust" for Tuesday; this week's proceedings having included the production of Mr. F. Corder's new opera, "Nordisa," of which we must speak next week.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

"Mirella," the Italian version of M. Gounod's "Mireille," was produced last Friday evening by Mr. Mapleson, by whom the opera was first given in this country, at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1864. "Mireille" was originally brought out, earlier in the same year, at the Paris Théâtre Lyrique. Since the date just named the opera has been condensed, much to its advantage, as the dramatic interest was not strong enough for prolonged action. The French libretto, by M. Carré, is founded on "Miréio," a Provençal poem by Mistral. The story is very slight, the subject being of a rustic and pastoral kind, somewhat similar in character to that of Meyerbeer's "Dinorah." Gounod's music is thoroughly worthy of the revival which it has just received. It is full of charm and interest in its calm pastoral beauty and poetical idealism, although scarcely possessing sufficient dramatic power to render it strikingly effective, especially in a large theatre. The original plot—a simple tale of village love, jealousy, and madness—has been greatly modified, and made to terminate happily instead of tragically. The music for Mirella was charmingly sung by Madame Emma Nevada, her vocalisation having been throughout distinguished by bright and fluent execution and refinement of style. These qualities were particularly observable in her first air (the interpolated "Couplets du Mysoli" from Felicien David's "La Perle du Brésil") and the bravura waltz aria, removed from its proper place, and sung at the close of the opera. In these, and in intermediate instances, the performance of Madame Nevada was of high artistic excellence. The music of Tavena (the reputed "wise woman") was very well given by Madame Lablache, who produced a great effect by her pointed delivery of the canzone, "La Stagione arriva." Madame Bauermeister, too, as Clemenza, deserves special praise for her share in the beautiful duet with Mirella in the third act; praise being also due to Mlle. Engle for her expressive rendering of the shepherd's song in the same act. As Vincenzo, the successful lover of Mirella, Signor Caylus sang with more effect than he has hitherto done. Much of his music (particularly in the declamatory passages) was very well delivered. The demonstrative music of the rival lover, Urias, was given with due force by Signor De Anna; the characters of Raimondo and Ambrogio (fathers, respectively, of Mirella and Vincenzo) having been well filled by Signor Miranda and Signor De Vaschetti. The important and interesting orchestral details were satisfactorily rendered, and the choral music was generally well sung, the opera having been ably conducted by Signor Loghede. The revival of Mirella and the production of "Leila" have been praiseworthy features of Mr. Mapleson's short season, which terminates this (Saturday) evening with his benefit.

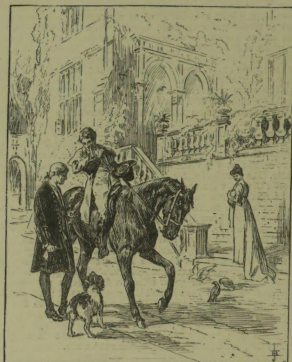
The second concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir—last week—included important solo performances, as well as those of the choristers. Madame Albani sang, with fine dramatic feeling, the soprano scena from "Der Freischütz," and Mr. E. Lloyd gave Beethoven's "Adelaide" (accompanied by Herr Schönberger) with genuine expression; other solos having been contributed by these artists and Mr. Santley. The choir was heard in the elder Samuel Wesley's fine motet (for double choir), "In exitu Israel," and in various madrigals and part-songs, old and new. The performances of the choristers were scarcely up to the high standard of former years. Doubtless some of the voices have deteriorated by the natural influence of lapse of time.

Berlioz's "Faust" music was performed by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society (conducted by Mr. Barnby) last Saturday afternoon, when the solo vocalists were Madame Albani, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Pyatt, and Mr. W. Mills. This fine work has been often before given by the same institution under similar conditions, including the co-operation of the three first-named vocalists. Mr. W. Mills has been heard to greater advantage in oratorio music than in that of Mephistopheles. The important choral features of Berlioz's work were grandly rendered.

The Richter concerts opened their new season, at St. James's Hall last Monday evening, with a programme of varied interest, although devoid of novelty. The performances of the fine orchestra, conducted by Dr. Hans Richter, were heard in Wagner's preludes to his "Meistersinger" and "Parsifal"; in Brahms's variations on a theme by Haydn, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 3; and Beethoven's symphony in A, the last of which received a specially fine rendering. Some changes have been made in the constitution of the orchestra, to its manifest advantage.

The first of a series of three chamber concerts was given at the Grosvenor Gallery on Wednesday evening, by Mr. C. Wade, with a substantial programme of vocal and instrumental music. The Philharmonic Society's fourth concert—occurring on Thursday evening—must be spoken of next week.

Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Ludwig will give the first of their new series of chamber concerts, at Prince's Hall, this (Saturday) afternoon, with a good programme.



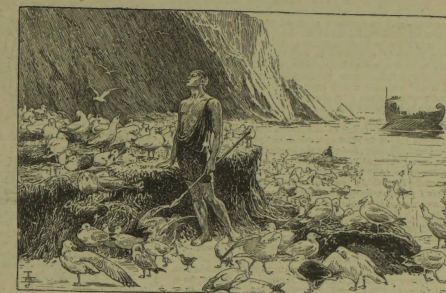
THE CHALLENGE.—S. E. WALLER.



DANCING DOWN THE HAY, ORKNEYS.—G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.



THE OLD SQUIRE AND THE YOUNG SQUIRE.—W. DENDY SADLER.



AN OLD-WORLD WANDERER.—BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.



THE CHRIST-BEARER.—W. F. YEAMES, R.A.



SAMSON.—SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.



HESPERIA.—FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A.



"THIS IS THE WAY WE WASH OUR CLOTHES."
G. D. LESLIE, R.A.



THE TOILET OF FAUNUS.—J. B. WERGELIN.



MAKING CIGARETTES AT SEVILLE.—J. B. BURGESS, A.R.A.



TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW.—JOHN PETTIE, R.A.



THE LATEST SCANDAL.—J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.



WIDOWED.—HERBERT SCHMALZ.

THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

The American Exhibition, between Earl's Court, West Kensington, and West Brompton, of which we have given some account, is an undertaking of as much novelty as of imposing magnitude. It is, as we remarked, the first exhibition devoted exclusively to the arts, inventions, manufactures, products, and resources of one nation held on the soil of another country. It covers a space of twenty-four acres, in the heart of residential London. The Exhibition may be divided into three great departments. There is, first, the main building, in itself a novelty in architecture, around which, together with the art-gallery adjoining, centres the serious interest of the Exhibition. Secondly, there are Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" grounds, which have an historical interest, as a pictorial representation of a phase of life now almost, if not quite, vanished, and as showing the methods by which the enterprising people of the United States have reclaimed to civilisation that vast space of the North American Continent, which, twenty or thirty years ago, was designated upon the maps as unexplored. Thirdly, there are the horticultural and pleasure gardens, nearly twelve acres in extent, showing the flora of North America as completely as climatic conditions will allow, and furnishing outdoor amusement for the vast numbers of people who are confined to London in the summer season, and must seek their recreation within the metropolitan boundaries.

It is always a matter of interest to know something of the appearance, history, and characteristics of the men who initiate and carry to completion gigantic enterprises. In this case, the first of these persons is Mr. John Robinson Whitley, of London, the Director-General. The idea of holding such an Exhibition in London impressed him, from the English standpoint, as a brilliant one; and he entered upon the colossal work, in face of what seemed almost insurmountable obstacles to carry it through to a successful completion, with all the energy, enthusiasm, and untiring industry which are characteristic of the man. He brought to the work a peculiar fitness, acquired by previous experience in the great International Exhibitions which had preceded this, and in which he had participated as an exhibitor; especially at Paris, in 1878, where he represented some fifty firms. This experience, together with his business as a merchant and manufacturer, and his wide knowledge acquired from travel all over the world, made him fully alive to the fact that in America there was enough, of which nothing was known to the European world, to make an interesting, popular, and valuable Exhibition. He has from the beginning taken entire charge of the work in England; and, in addition, has spent twelve months in visiting every part of the United States, in the interests of the great work he has undertaken, and which has now become, from what seemed almost a chimerical idea, a substantial reality.

Colonel W. F. Cody is known to the world as "Buffalo Bill," a title acquired by having shot 4280 buffaloes in one year. His life from boyhood has been spent on the Indian frontier; and he has passed through every phase of border life, always with credit to himself, as hunter, trapper, guide, and scout; he has endured dangers and difficulties the recitation of which would fill many volumes; and in every pursuit he has achieved the distinction of being the bravest, the most thorough, the most active, the most chivalrous and most daring man, whom that phase of American civilisation has ever produced. He has been Chief of Scouts of the United States Army, member of the Legislature for the State of Nebraska, and is now Colonel and Aide-de-Camp on the staff of the Governor of that State.

Captain Burnet Landreth, of Philadelphia, is a member of the great seed firm of D. Landreth and Sons. He served with distinction during the war of the rebellion, and his experience as a soldier developed in him great abilities as an executive officer. He was Chief of the Bureau of Agriculture at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, and gave to that department remarkable prominence and importance.

THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

Sir Henry Holland, Secretary for the Colonies, entertained the colonial representatives and gentlemen connected with the Crown Colonies to a dinner yesterday week at the Colonial Office, where the Prince of Wales was present, and in responding to the toast of himself and the Royal family expressed his great gratification at meeting the colonial representatives, as well as his lively interest in the welfare of the Colonies.

Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier of New South Wales, has telegraphed to the representatives of the colony that he is prepared to submit the proposals of the Imperial Government for colonial naval defence to the Parliament of New South Wales, but that he abstains from pledging his approval, pending the arrival of details.

A special meeting of the South African representatives was held last Saturday, when the question of the general defence of the Cape peninsula was discussed. On Saturday evening the Duke of Manchester and the Council of the Royal Colonial Institute received the delegates. The reception was held in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and was a decided success.

The Conference met again on Monday, Sir H. Holland presiding, and further discussed questions of Australasian land-defence. In the afternoon colonial judgments, bankruptcy proceedings, and other matters were discussed.

The whole of the sitting on Tuesday was occupied in a discussion upon the trade of the Mother Country and the Colonies. On Wednesday the delegates went to Windsor, and presented to her Majesty an address from the members of the Conference, and various separate addresses from individual colonies. On Thursday the delegates visited Woolwich, by invitation of the Postmaster-General, and inspected the Monarch, and other telegraph ships; and it was expected that the last meeting of the Conference would take place on Friday.

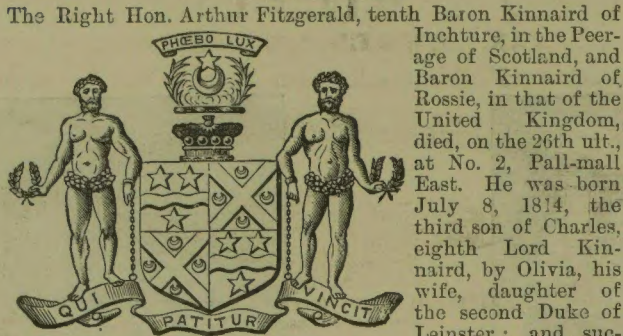
Madame Adelina Patti gave a farewell matinee in Boston, in the United States, last Saturday, and obtained an enormous success in "La Traviata." She has engaged a passage by the Umbria for May 14.

Sir John Gordon Sprigg, Premier and Treasurer of Cape Colony, speaking at Worcester, declared that the financial position of the colony was better now than at any period during the last five years, the trade returns showing that the corner had been turned and that a term of prosperity was commencing. The Premier further stated that there were cheering prospects of equalised revenue and expenditure.

The New Zealand Parliament was opened on the 27th ult. The Governor, after announcing that the Legislature would be asked to consider further measures with the object of testifying to the loyalty of the colony in connection with Queen Victoria's Jubilee, alluded to the Colonial Conference as marking the advent of a new era, and expressed his gratification at the recognition by the Imperial Government of the naval claims of New Zealand. Referring to the finances of the colony, his Excellency stated that the revenue had diminished, and recommended economy.

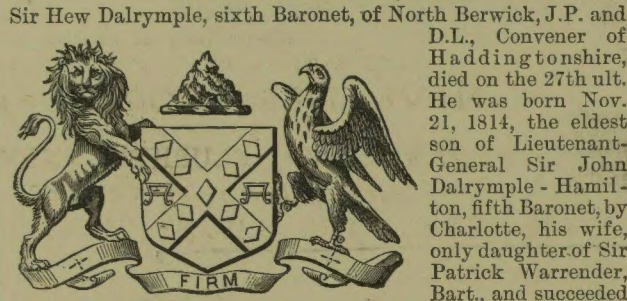
OBITUARY.

LORD KINNAIRD.



The Right Hon. Arthur Fitzgerald, tenth Baron Kinnaird of Inchture, in the Peerage of Scotland, and Baron Kinnaird of Rossie, in that of the United Kingdom, died, on the 26th ult., at No. 2, Pall-mall East. He was born July 8, 1814, the third son of Charles, eighth Lord Kinnaird, by Olivia, his wife, daughter of the second Duke of Leinster; and succeeded to the title at the death of his brother, George William Fox, ninth Lord, in 1878. He had previously sat in the House of Commons as member for Perth, and in politics was a Liberal. He was educated at Eton, was in early life attached to the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, and acted for a time as private secretary to the Earl of Durham. Eventually he entered the banking firm of Ransom and Co., and became senior partner. His Lordship's grandfather, the seventh Lord Kinnaird, married, in 1777, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Griffin Ransom, banker, of New Palace-yard, Westminster, and thus arose the family connection with that firm. The nobleman whose death we record was considered the successor of Lord Shaftesbury in the philanthropic and religious movements of his day. He married, June 28, 1843, Mary Jane, daughter of Mr. William Henry Hoare, of The Grove, Mitcham, and niece of the Earl of Gainsborough, by whom he leaves five daughters and one son, Arthur Fitzgerald, Master of Kinnaird, now eleventh Lord, born in 1847, who married, in 1875, Mary Alma Victoria, daughter of Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart., and has issue.

SIR HEW DALRYMPLE, BART.



Sir Hew Dalrymple, sixth Baronet, of North Berwick, J.P. and D.L., Convener of Haddingtonshire, died on the 27th ult. He was born Nov. 21, 1814, the eldest son of Lieutenant-General Sir John Dalrymple - Hamilton, fifth Baronet, by Charlotte, his wife, only daughter of Sir Patrick Warrender, Bart., and succeeded at the decease of his father, May 26, 1835, to the Baronetcy, which was conferred in 1698 on the famous lawyer the Hon. Hew Dalrymple (third son of the first Viscount Stair). Appointed the same year Lord President of the Court of Session, the gentleman whose death we record was formerly Lieutenant-Colonel 71st Foot, and served at the capture of Coorg. He married, July 27, 1852, Frances Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. Robert Arkwright, of Sutton Scarsdale in the county of Derby, but had no issue. His brother and successor, now Sir John Warrender Dalrymple, seventh Baronet (Bengal Civil Service, retired) is married and has issue.

SIR JOHN BARRINGTON.

Sir John Barrington, J.P. and D.L., died on the 2nd inst. at his residence, Santa Severina, Killiney, in the county of Dublin, aged sixty-two. This worthy and respected citizen, head of the firm of Barrington and Co., of Great Britain-street, twice filled the office of Lord Mayor of Dublin—viz., in 1865 and 1879. During his first Mayoralty he received H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at one of the largest balls ever given in the Mansion House; and, in 1868, he was knighted by the Duke of Abercorn. Sir John was the eldest son of Mr. Edward Barrington, of Fassaroe, Bray. He married, in 1848, Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Mr. Jonathan Pim, of Bloomsbury, in the county of Dublin, and leaves issue.

MR. WOODS MAUNSELL.

Mr. George Woods Maunsell, M.A., of Oakly Park, in the county of Kildare, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff in 1885, died at his town residence, Merrion-square, Dublin, on the 26th ult. He was born in 1815, the second son of Mr. Richard Maunsell, of Oakly Park, High Sheriff 1841, and a descendant of the widely spread family of Maunsell, of the county of Limerick. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1837, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1839. Mr. Woods Maunsell took an active part in the public institutions of Ireland. He married, Aug. 4, 1842, Maria, eldest surviving daughter and coheir of Mr. Mark Synnot, of Monasteroris House, King's County, and leaves two daughters and one surviving son, Captain Richard Mark Synnot Maunsell.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General John Dawson, late Bengal Staff Corps, on the 24th ult., aged sixty-two.

Mr. William Henry O'Sullivan, formerly M.P. for the county of Limerick, a prominent member for several years of the Home Rule party.

The Rev. Henry Hilton Green, Hon. Canon of Bristol and Rector of West Kington, Wilts, on the 23rd ult., in his seventy-sixth year.

Mr. William Porter, of Hembury Fort, Devon, J.P. and D.L., late Captain in the Carabineers, on the 26th ult., aged eighty-four. He was fifth son of John Porter, D.D., Bishop of Clogher, and brother of the late Rev. John Grey Porter, of Kilkerry, in the county of Tyrone.

Lieutenant-General Franklin Dunlop, C.B., late Royal Artillery, at The Holmwood, Dorking, Surrey, on the 24th ult., aged seventy-five. He entered the Army in 1829, and attained the rank of Lieutenant-General in 1868. His services in China included the taking of Canton in 1857, when he was in command of the Royal Artillery, and when he received a medal with clasp.

Mr. J. G. F. Russell, of Aden, at 25, Berkeley-square, recently, after a few hours' illness. He was the head of a collateral branch of the Russell family, long settled in Scotland, and was possessed of extensive estates in Aberdeenshire. He was born in 1836; and in 1856 entered the Diplomatic Service, from which he retired on a pension in 1880, in consequence of ill-health, being at the time Secretary of Legation at Copenhagen. He married, in 1858, the eldest daughter of the late Sir William Young, Bart., of Hughenden, Bucks, formerly M.P. for Buckinghamshire, and the father of Sir Charles Lawrence Young, the well-known dramatic author. Mr. Russell died without issue, and is succeeded by his brother, Colonel Frank Russell, now commanding the 1st Royal Dragoons.

Mr. James J. Fellows has been appointed Agent-General for New Brunswick, Canada, in Great Britain. The offices of the agency are at 56, Holborn Viaduct, London.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The personal estate has been declared, of the value of £348,801, of Mr. Joseph Hornby Baxendale (senior partner of the firm of Pickford and Co., carriers), who died on Nov. 24 last, and whose will was proved by Mr. Joseph William Baxendale, the son and surviving executor—Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Baxendale, the widow, and executrix, having died at Cannes last month. After the payment of certain legacies, the residue of his estates, real and personal, is left to his said son.

The will (dated April 9, 1884) of the Right Robert Tolver, Baron Gerard, late of Garswood, Lancashire, who died on the 15th ult., at his town residence, No. 16, South-street, Park-lane, was proved on the 25th inst. by Frederic Gerard, the nephew, Sir John Lawson, Bart., and Oswald Walmesley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £197,000. The testator states that his wife has already secured to her by will and settlements £3000 per annum, and he now leaves to her No. 16, South-street, £20,000, and the principal part of his furniture and effects; certain jewellery, pictures, &c., he bequeaths to his eldest son, William Cansfield (who has succeeded to the title); £40,000 to his younger son, Robert Joseph, in addition to other provision made for him by settlements and otherwise, and his dogs, guns, pistols, and swords; to, or upon trust, for each of his daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Oliphant and the Hon. Mrs. Gosselin, £9000 in addition to £35,000 and other benefits already secured to each of them; £100 to be distributed among the poor of Ashton-in-Makerfield; and legacies to executors, relatives, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his younger children in equal shares. His eldest son succeeds to the Garswood settled estates.

The personality has been declared, at the value of £169,172, of Mr. William Barnard, late of Friar-green, Sawbridgeworth, Herts. The residue of his estate, real and personal, after the payment of some bequests, he bequeaths to his son Edmund B. Barnard.

The will (dated July 19, 1880), with a codicil (dated May 14, 1886), of the Hon. Geraldine Augusta Foley, Countess De Jarnac, the widow of Philippe Ferdinand De Rohan Chabot, Count De Jarnac, late of No. 5, South-street, Grosvenor-square, who died on the 23rd ult., at Brighton, was proved on the 18th inst. by General Sir George Gerald Foley, K.C.B., and Vice-Admiral Fitzgerald Algernon Charles Foley, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testatrix gives her oil painting of his late Majesty King Louis Philippe to the Comte de Paris; her house in South-street to her sister-in-law, Lady Foley; £2000 to her nephew, Henry Thomas, Lord Foley; £1000 to her nephew, Fitzalan Charles John Foley; and some other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves in equal shares to her said two brothers.

The will and three codicils of Mr. Johann Meyer, late of Dresden, merchant, who died on January 6 last, were proved on the 26th ult., by Henry Frederic Tiarks, the value of the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the English court amounting to upwards of £147,000. The testator leaves to his daughter, Auguste Caroline Mathilde Müller, 3,000,000 marks, a freehold house at Dresden, with the furniture and effects, and a sum of 80,000 florins charged on an estate; 16,000 marks to St. Petersburg Protestant Lutheran Church of St. Anne; 10,000 marks to the Boys' Home, and 6000 to the Marien Asylum; an annuity to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Adele Meyer; and many other legacies, including bequests to clerks and servants. As to the remainder of the property acquired and not inherited by him, he gives one third to his son, Johann Peter Caspar Meyer, one third to his grandson Ludwig Meyer, and one third to his grandchildren Adolph Meyer and Sophie Meyer. He states that if he has not made any charitable dispositions in his will, it is because he has preferred to put his sense of charity in force to the utmost of his power during his lifetime.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1886), with a codicil, of the Right Hon. Mary Eliza, Countess of Harborough, late of Stanley Lodge, Exmouth, Devon, who died on July 18 last, at Manchester-street, Manchester-square, was proved on March 31 last, by William Henry Symes and the Rev. Peter Freeland, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £48,000. The testatrix bequeaths many pecuniary and specific legacies to the sisters of her late husband, Major Thomas William Clagett, and to others; the residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her sister, Hannah Eliza Frances Burnet Applebee, her brother, Courtenay George Henry Temple, and her niece, Eliza Williams, for their lives; and then for the Leicester Infirmary, the Devon and Exeter Hospital, the West of England Eye Infirmary, the Western Counties Idiot Asylum, and the National Life-Boat Institution. By her codicil she desires that should her niece, Mrs. Temple, leave any child or children her surviving, they are to have anything she has to leave. She directs her horse, Beaconsfield, to be shot.

The will (dated May 6, 1886), of Mr. George Henry Johnson, late of 10, Addison-crescent, Kensington, who died on March 22 last, was proved on the 23rd ult., by Mrs. Clara Elizabeth Johnson, the widow, and Thomas Gilbert Hocking, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £41,000. The testator bequeaths £105 each to the National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys, Wright's-lane, Kensington; the National Life-boat Institution; the Chelsea Hospital for Women, Queen's Elm, Brompton; the Metropolitan Free Hospital, 81, Commercial-street; St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park-corner; the West London Hospital, Hammersmith; St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; the North London or University College Hospital, Gower-street; the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, Sackville-street; the Home for Incubables, Putney, and the Middlesex Hospital; £250 to his executor, Thomas Gilbert Hocking; and all his household furniture, wines, and horses to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife, and his friend, Frederick Johnson Knight, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 15, 1877) of Mrs. Mary Ann Atkinson, late of Highgate Lodge, Highgate, who died on Feb. 14 last, was proved on the 5th ult., by Edward Atkinson, the son, and Nicholas Stephen Hamilton, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to her executors; £1000 to her son James Atkinson, who has already been provided for, and so much of her personal estate as will, at the time of her death, produce £1500 Consols each to her nieces and nephew, Louisa Annie Marston, Kate Isabel Marston, Alice Mary Marston, and Harry Marston. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her son Edward Atkinson, absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1884), with a codicil (dated Dec. 29, 1886), of Mr. Thomas Crabtree, late of Halifax, who died on March 4 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by Joseph Crabtree, the son, Matthew Wood, George Clay, and Thomas Jackson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator leaves numerous legacies and annuities to relatives, friends, and others; and the residue of his property, upon trust, for his son and daughter, Joseph and Mary.

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JUBILEE FANCY-DRESS BALL OF THE PORTSMOUTH ROYAL CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB.

This club, started in 1879, is a flourishing local institution. Its Royal Jubilee Fancy-Dress Ball, on Wednesday week, at the Victoria Hall, Landport, was a brilliant affair. Major Hesketh, Major Kennedy, Lieutenant Meredith, R.N., and Mr. C. E. McCheane, worked in the arrangements, aided by Mr. Brown, of the steam-packet service of the joint railway companies, and by officers of the ships in Portsmouth harbour. The hall was decorated with flags of all nations, hung from a hawser on masts set all round, and with ships' lights, red and green, for the port and starboard sides, and with carpetings, of those colours. Facing the entrance was the model of a lighthouse, with a large brass lantern, which once lighted a coast of the Baltic. On the orchestra platform was a miniature iceberg, with a bust of the Queen, illuminated from behind by a strong magnesium light, which also, by means of a magic lantern,

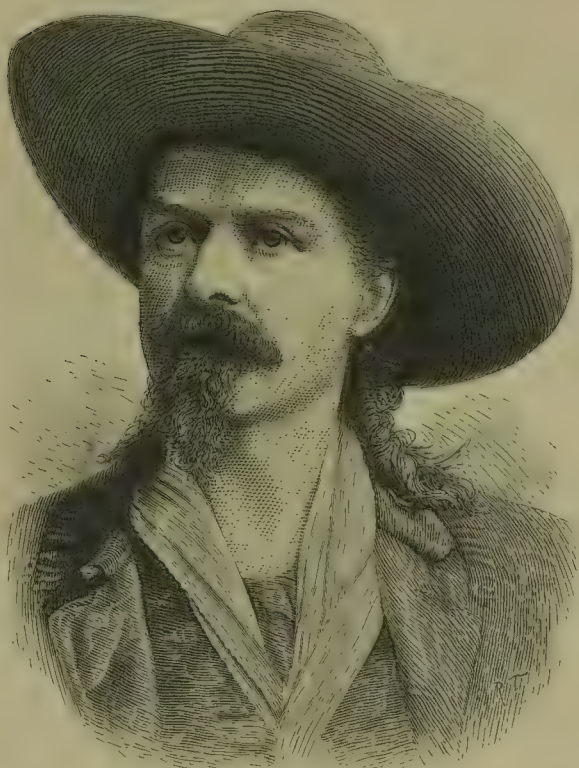
cast a portrait of her Majesty on the iceberg. Palms and other hot-house plants, with scarlet and white geraniums, were ranged in front; the addition of two ice pillars, and of four brass guns with their tackle, the club's own artillery from the signal station at Southsea, made a varied and effective combination. The organ had the Royal standard, the Prince of Wales's standard, the Union Jack, the Commodore's burgee, and the church pendant suspended around it, with a fine Persian shield over the organist's seat. The orchestra, conducted by Mr. T. F. Wilton, performed, with other music, the "Royal Corinthian" Lancers, Polka, and Waltz—the last composed by him for this occasion. The guests—about six hundred ladies and gentlemen—appeared in a variety of novel, tasteful, and amusing marine costumes, some of which represented the different ships of the Royal Navy. The waitresses wore sailor dresses, white

jumpers, blue collars, lanyards, and blue serge skirts; while sailor boys handed about the programmes. It was a picturesque and very merry company. They enjoyed the dancing and an excellent supper, provided by Mr. Millard, the steward of the club; while Messrs. Cripps and Son supplied the dessert. Besides Mr. McCheane, honorary secretary to the club, and the other gentlemen named above, General Sir G. H. S. Willis, Captain Port, Dr. Vernon Ford, Captain Trollope, and Mr. Rickards Phillips, helped in getting up this entertainment.

Westminster Abbey is closed until further notice. The usual Abbey services will be held in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, at 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. on week-days, and at 3 p.m. on Sundays. Holy Communion will be administered at 8 a.m. on Sundays and holy-days.



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"BUFFALO BILL."



CAPTAIN BURNET LANDRETH, OF PHILADELPHIA,
DIRECTOR IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION IN WEST LONDON.—SEE PAGE 520.

Point Roccapina.

Rocks of Roccapina.

Moines Rocks.

Moines Rocks.

The Tasmania. Signal.



MURTOLI, WHERE THE PASSENGERS FOUND SHELTER.

VIEW OF THE WRECK



HOUSES AT ROCCAPINA, WHERE THE SHIPWRECKED PASSENGERS WERE RECEIVED.



SARTENE, FROM THE CONVENT OF SAN DAMIANO, ON THE ROAD TO BONIFAZIO.

WRECK OF THE TASMANIA ON THE COAST OF CORSICA.

THE WRECK OF THE TASMANIA.

Some Illustrations of this disaster, on Sunday, the 17th ult., to a Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer from Bombay approaching Marseilles, appeared in last week's publication. It happened on the Moines Rocks, off Cape Roccapiu, on the south-west coast of Corsica. The passengers nearly all escaped with their lives, but suffered much; both those who got ashore in the boats, with scanty clothing, and those who remained, nearly twenty-four hours, shut up in a deck saloon, huddled together, helplessly expecting the vessel to go to pieces. The captain, one or two of the ship's officers, and some of the crew perished. An intelligent and accomplished Corporal in the French Army, M. Augustus De Crozes, of the 112th Regiment of the Line, in garrison at Sartene, Corsica, being able to speak English, was employed on Monday the 18th, by the Commandant there, Captain Gambini, to act as interpreter to the shipwrecked passengers. He was sent to Propriano, on the coast; and we are assured by General R. Cadell, R.A., who writes to us, on the 27th, that Corporal De Crozes was most kind and useful. General Cadell sends us, with two of his own (which are the view of Sartene, an inland town, and that of two houses at Roccapiu, where the ladies and children first obtained shelter), also two sketches by Corporal De Crozes. One is that of the seaside hamlet of Murtoli, with the houses of M. D'Ortoli, M. Rocca-Serra, and Messrs. Pietri,

in which many of the ladies and children were received with prompt hospitality; the other is a view of the wreck, as seen from the rocks of the shore at Murtoli. We have abundant testimonies of praise and gratitude to the people of Corsica—officials, townsfolk, soldiers, and peasants, for their active generosity to the Englishmen and Englishwomen so cast upon their island. It will be only right that her Majesty's Government, perhaps the Queen herself by a letter, should acknowledge this obligation in an express communication to the French Government; and we should like to see a moderate gift from English subscribers to some Corsican public charities. Since the shipwreck of St. Paul at Melita, no islanders of the Mediterranean, whether "barbarous people" or highly civilised, like these Corsicans, have entertained unfortunate strangers with more Christian kindness.

Messrs. John Mortlock and Co., of the Old Pottery Galleries, Oxford-street and Orchard-street, have produced a pitcher or jug, intended to commemorate in the household, both usefully and ornamentally, the Jubilee year of her Majesty's beneficent reign. It resembles in shape the old historical "Toby" pattern, in brown "Gris de Flandres" ware, from designs by Messrs. Mortlock. It is suitably embellished by the Imperial crown and Royal cipher executed in bold relief, supported by the rose, shamrock, and thistle.

"THE ENTANGLEMENT."

A young lady, caught in the briars of a copse near the river bank, is freed by the helping hand of a gentleman, who finds it necessary to drop on one knee, that he may disengage the skirts of her dress from the prickly branch. This attitude is suggestive of a tender declaration, made with that reverential gesture which lovers of the period—a hundred and fifty years ago, to judge by the costume—were expected upon solemn occasions to assume in pleading with "adored fair ones" for the acceptance of their lifelong devotion. The Artist of our Coloured Picture has given dramatic expression to the figures in such an interesting situation. We can only hope that, if there be a mutual attachment, which seems very likely, it will never be felt as an "entanglement" on either side, and that no thorns will penetrate the heart when the rose of love has been gathered, nor this lady ever have cause to wish herself again set free.

In the Budget committee of the German Reichstag on Thursday week the vote of 50,000,000 marks for artillery was struck out from the supplementary estimates.

An explosion occurred on Tuesday morning in the glazing house at Messrs. Curtis and Harvey's powder-mills, near Hounslow, by which one man, named Lewcock, was killed. The other workpeople had gone to breakfast.

MARRIAGE.

On the 28th ult., at St. Mary's, Rotterdam, the Rev. St. John Tancourt Mitchell, M.A., Secretary for Inland, Colonial, and Continental Church Society, son of the late Thomas R. Mitchell, M.D., F.R.C.S., to Clara Valentina, only surviving daughter of the late Faulkner Phillip Ringrose, merchant, Rotterdam.

DEATH.

At 903, Sherbrooke-street, Montreal, Canada, Mary, widow of the late Isaac Mercer, B.A., of Karlsruhe, Darmstadt.

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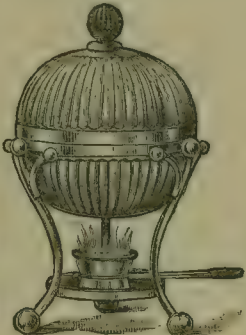
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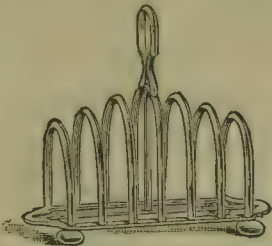
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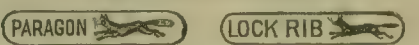
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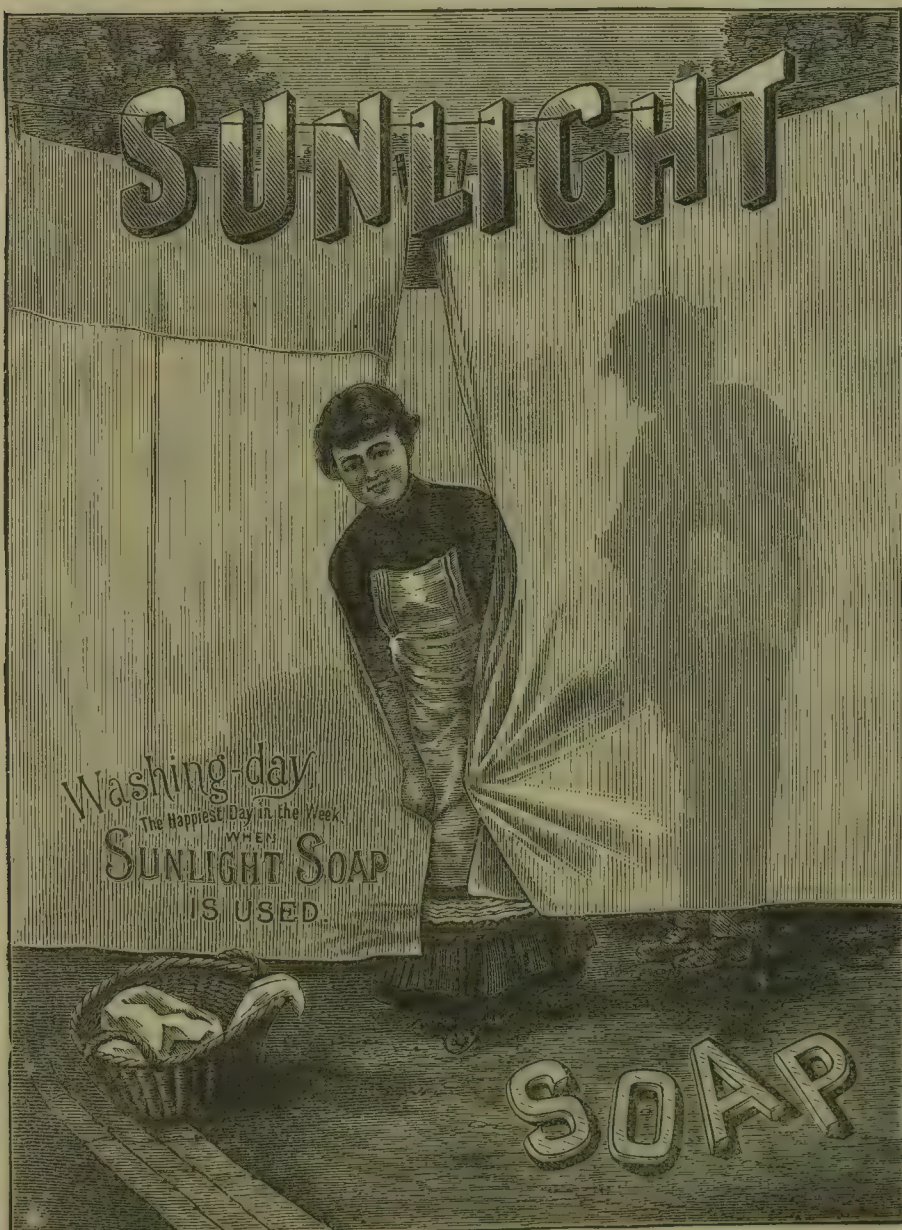
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NEAR NEIGHBOURS.

By RHODA BROUGHTON.

COMETH UP AS A FLOWER.
GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!
JOAN. NANCY.
NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL.
RED AS A ROSE IS SHE.
SECOND THOUGHTS.
BELINDA.

By Mrs. ALEXANDER.



"THE ENTANGLEMENT."



DRAWN BY J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

Under the combined influence of the hour and the climate, Mrs. Markham dozed. The lovers sat silently together.

THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR.*

BY BRET HARTE.

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," "FLIP," ETC.

PART II.—CHAPTER VIII.

The revolution of Todos Santos had to all appearances been effected as peacefully as the gentle Liberator of Quinquambo could have wished. Two pronunciamientos, rudely printed and posted in the Plaza, and saluted by the fickle garrison of one hundred men, who had, however, immediately reappointed their old commander as Generalissimo under the new régime, seemed to leave nothing to be desired. A surging mob of vacant and wondering peons, bearing a singular resemblance to the wild cattle and horses which intermingled with them in the blind and unceasing movement across the Plaza and up the hilly street, and seemingly as incapable of self-government, were alternately dispersed and stampeded or allowed to gather again as occasion required. Some of these heterogeneous bands were afterwards found—the revolution accomplished—gazing stupidly on the sea, or ruminating in bovine wantonness on the glacis before the Presidio.

Eleanor Keene, who, with her countrywomen, had been hurried to the refuge of the Mission, was more disturbed and excited at the prospect of meeting Hurlstone again than by any terror of the insurrection. But Hurlstone was not there, and Father Esteban received her with a coldness she could not attribute entirely to her countrymen's supposed sympathy with the insurgents. When Richard Keene, who would not leave his sister until he had seen her safe under the Mission walls, ventured at her suggestion to ask after the American recluse, Father Esteban replied drily that, being a Christian gentleman, Hurlstone was the only one who had the boldness to seek out the American filibuster Perkins, on his own ship, and remonstrate with him for his unholy crusade. For the old priest had already become aware of Hurlstone's blunder, and he hated Eleanor as the primary cause of the trouble. But for her, Diego would be still with him in this emergency.

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"Never mind, Nell," said Dick, noticing the disappointed eyes of his sister as they parted, "you'll all be safe here until we return. Between you and me, Banks, Brimmer and I think that Brace and Winslow have gone too far in this matter, and we're going to stop it, unless the whole thing is over now, as they say."

"Don't believe that," said Crosby. "It's like their infernal earthquakes, there's always a second shock, and a tidal wave to follow. I pity Brace, Winslow, and Perkins if they get caught in it."

There seemed to be some reason for his scepticism, for later the calm of the Mission Garden was broken upon by the monotonous tread of banded men on the shell-strewn walks, and the door of the refectory opened to the figure of Señor Perkins. A green silk sash across his breast; a gold-laced belt, supporting a light dress-sword and a pair of pistols, buckled around the jaunty waist of his ordinary black frock-coat, were his scant martial suggestions. But his hat, albeit exchanged for a soft felt one, still reposed on the back of his benevolent head, and seemed to accent more than ever the contrast between his peaceful shoulders and the military smartness of his lower figure. He bowed with easy politeness to the assembled fugitives; but, before he could address them, Father Esteban had risen to his feet:

"I thought that this house, at least, was free from the desecrating footsteps of lawlessness and impiety," said the priest, sternly. "How dare you enter here?"

"Nothing but the desire to lend my assistance to the claims of beauty, innocence, helplessness, and—if you will allow me to add," with a low bow to the priest—"sanctity caused this intrusion. For I regret to say that, through the ill-advised counsels of some of my fellow-patriots, the Indian tribes attached to this Mission are in revolt, and threaten even this sacred building."

"It is false!" said Father Esteban, indignantly. "Even under the accursed manipulation of your emissaries, the miserable heathen would not dare to raise a parricidal hand against the Church that fostered him!"

Señor Perkins smiled gently but sadly. "Your belief,

reverend Sir, does you infinite credit. But, to save time, let me give way to a gentleman who, I believe, possesses your confidence. He will confirm my statement." He drew aside, and allowed Hurlstone, who had been standing unperceived behind, to step forward. The Padre uttered an exclamation of pleasure. Miss Keene coloured quickly. Hurlstone cast a long and lingering glance at her, which seemed to the embarrassed girl full of a new, strange meaning, and then advanced quickly with outstretched hands towards Padre Esteban.

"He speaks truly," he said hurriedly, "and in the interests of humanity alone. The Indians have been tampered with treacherously, against his knowledge and consent. He only seeks now to prevent the consequences of this folly by placing you and these ladies out of reach of harm aboard of the Excelsior."

"A very proper and excellent idea," broke in Mrs. Brimmer, with genteel precision. "You see these people evidently recognise the fact of Mr. Brimmer's previous ownership of the Excelsior, and the respect that is due to him. I, for one, shall accept the offer, and insist upon Miss Chubb accompanying me."

"I shall be charmed to extend the hospitality of the Excelsior to you on any pretext," said the Señor, gallantly; "and, indeed, should insist upon personally accompanying you and my dear friends, Mrs. Markham and Miss Keene; but, alas! I am required elsewhere! I leave," he continued, turning towards Hurlstone, who was already absorbed in a whispered consultation with Padre Esteban—"I leave a sufficient escort with you to protect your party to the boats which have brought us here. You will take them to the Excelsior, and join me with the ship off Todos Santos in the morning. Adieu, my friends. Good-night, and farewell."

The priest made a vehement movement of protestation, but he was checked by Hurlstone, as with a low bow, Señor Perkins passed out into the darkness. The next moment his voice was heard raised in command, and the measured tramp of his men gradually receded and was lost in the distance.

"Does he think," said the Priest, indignantly, "that I,

Padre Esteban, would desert my sacred trust and leave His Holy Temple a prey to sacrilegious trespass? Never, while I live, Diego! Call him back and tell him so!"

"Rather listen to me, Father Esteban," said the young man, earnestly. "I have a plan by which this may be avoided. From my knowledge of these Indians, I am convinced that they have been basely tricked and cajoled by someone. I believe that they are still amenable to reason and argument, and I am so certain that I am ready to go down among them and make the attempt. The old Chief and part of his band are still encamped on the shore; we could hear them as we passed in the boats. I will go and meet them. If I succeed in bringing them to reason I will return; if I find them intractable, I will at least divert their attention from the Mission long enough for you to embark these ladies with their escort, which you will do at the end of two hours if I do not return."

"In two hours?" broke in Mrs. Brimmer, in sharp protest. "I positively object. I certainly understood that Señor Perkins's invitation, which, under the circumstances, I shall consider equal to a command from Mr. Brimmer, was to be accepted at once and without delay; and I certainly shall not leave Miss Chubb exposed to imminent danger for two hours to meet the caprice of an entire stranger to Mr. Brimmer."

"I am willing to stay with Father Esteban, if he will let me," said Eleanor Keene, quietly, "for I have faith in Mr. Hurlstone's influence and courage, and believe he will be successful."

The young man thanked her with another demonstrative look that brought the warm blood to her cheek.

"Well," said Mrs. Markham, promptly; "I suppose if Neil stays I must see the thing through and stay with her—even if I haven't orders from Jimmy."

"There is no necessity that either Mr. or Mrs. Brimmer should be disobeyed in their wishes," said Hurlstone, grimly. "Luckily there are two boats; Mrs. Brimmer and Miss Chubb can take one of them with half the escort, and proceed at once to the Excelsior. I will ride with them as far as the boat. And now," he continued, turning to the old priest with sparkling eyes, "I have only to ask your blessing and the good wishes of these ladies to go forth on my mission of peace. If I am successful," he added, with a light laugh, "confess that a layman and a heretic may do some service for the Church." As the old man laid his half-determining, half-benedictory hands upon his shoulders, the young man seized the opportunity to whisper in his ear, "Remember your promise to tell her *all* I have told you," and, with another glance at Miss Keene, he marshalled Mrs. Brimmer and Miss Chubb before him, and hurried them to the boat.

Miss Keene looked after him with a vague felicity in the change that seemed to have come on him, a change that she could as little account for as her own happiness. Was it the excitement of danger that had overcome his reserve, and set free his compressed will and energy? She longed for her brother to see him thus—alert, strong, and chivalrous. In her girlish faith, she had no fear for his safety: he would conquer, he would succeed: he would come back to them victorious! Looking up from her happy abstraction, at the side of Mrs. Markham, who had calmly gone to sleep in an arm-chair, she saw Father Esteban's eyes fixed upon her. With a warning gesture of the hand towards Mrs. Markham, he rose, and, going to the door of the sacristy, beckoned to her. The young girl noiselessly crossed the room, and followed him into the sanctuary.

Half an hour later, and while Mrs. Markham was still asleep, Father Esteban appeared at the door of the sacristy ostentatiously taking snuff, and using a large red handkerchief to wipe his more than usually humid eyes. Eleanor Keene, with her chin resting on her hand, remained sitting as he had left her, with her abstracted eyes fixed vacantly on the lamp before the statue of the Virgin and the half-lit gloom of the nave.

Padre Esteban had told her *all*! She now knew Hurlstone's history even as he had hesitatingly imparted it to the old priest in this very church—perhaps upon the very seat where she sat. She knew the peace that he had sought for and found within these walls, broken only by his passion for her! She knew his struggles against the hopelessness of this new-born love, even the desperate remedy that had been adopted against herself, and the later voluntary exile of her lover. She knew the providential culmination of his trouble in the news brought, unconsciously, by Perkins; which, but a few hours ago, he had verified by the letters, records, and even the certificate of death that had thus strangely been placed in his hands! She knew all this so clearly now, that with the instinct of a sympathetic nature she even fancied she had heard it before. She knew that all the obstacles to an exchange of their affection had been removed; that her lover only waited his opportunity to hear from her own lips the answer that was even now struggling at her heart. And yet she hesitated and drew back, half-frightened in the presence of her great happiness. How she longed, and yet dreaded to meet him! What if anything should have happened to him—what if he should be the victim of some treachery—what if he did not come—what if?—"Good Heavens! what was that?"

She was near the door of the sacristy, gazing into the dim and shadowy church. Either she was going mad, or else the grotesque Indian hangings of the walls were certainly moving towards her. She rose in speechless terror as what she had taken for an uncouthly swathed and draped barbaric pillar suddenly glided to the window. Crouching against the wall, she crept, breathlessly, towards the entrance to the garden. Casting a hurried glance above her she saw the open belfry that was illuminated by the misty radiance of the moon, darkly shadowed by hideously gibbering faces that peered at her through the broken tracery. With a cry of horror she threw open the garden-door; but the next moment was swallowed up in the tumultuous tide of wild and half-naked figures that surged against the walls of the church, and felt herself lifted from her feet, with inarticulate cries, and borne along the garden. Even in her mental terror she could recognise that the cries were not those of rage but of vacant satisfaction; that although she was lifted on lithe shoulders, the grasp of her limbs was gentle, and the few dark faces she could see around her were glistening in child-like curiosity. Presently, she felt herself placed upon the back of a mule, that seemed to be swayed hither and thither in the shifting mass, and the next moment the misty, tossing cortège moved forward with a new and more definite purpose. She called aloud for Father Esteban and Mrs. Markham; her voice appeared to flow back upon her from the luminous wall of fog that closed around her. Then the inarticulate, irregular outcries took upon themselves a measured rhythm, the movement of the mass formed itself upon the monotonous chant, the intervals grew shorter, the mule broke into a trot, and then the whole vast multitude fell into a weird, rhythmical, jogging quick step at her side.

Whatever was the intent of this invasion of the Mission and her own strange abduction, she was relieved by noticing that they were going in the same direction as that taken by Hurlstone an hour before. Either he was cognisant of their movements, and, being powerless to prevent their attack on the church, had stipulated they were to bring her to him in

safety, or else he was calculating to intercept them on the way. The fog prevented her from forming any estimation of the numbers that surrounded her, or if the Padre and Mrs. Markham were possibly preceding her as captives in the vanguard. She felt the breath of the sea, and knew they were travelling along the shore; the monotonous chant and jogging motion gradually dulled her active terror to an apathetic resignation, in which occasionally her senses seemed to swoon and swim in the dreamy radiance through which they passed: at times it seemed a dream or nightmare with which she was hopelessly struggling; at times she was taking part in an unhallowed pageant, or some heathen sacrificial procession of which she was the destined victim.

She had no consciousness of how long the hideous journey lasted. Her benumbed senses were suddenly awakened by a shock; the chant had ceased, the moving mass in which she was imbedded rolled forward once more as if by its own elasticity, and then receded again with a jar that almost unseated her. Then the inarticulate murmur was overborne by a voice. It was *his*! She turned blindly towards it; but before she could utter the cry that rose to her lips, she was again lifted from the saddle, carried forward, and gently placed upon what seemed to be a moss-grown bank. Opening her half-swimming eyes she recognised the Indian cross. The crowd seemed to recede before her. Her eyes closed again as a strong arm passed around her waist.

"Speak to me, Miss Keene—Eleanor—my darling!" said Hurlstone's voice. "O my God! they have killed her!"

With an effort she moved her head and tried to smile. Their eyes, and then their lips met; she fainted.

When she struggled to her senses again, she was lying in the stern-sheets of the Excelsior's boat, supported on Mrs. Markham's shoulder. For an instant the floating veil of fog around her and the rhythmical movement of the boat seemed a part of her mysterious ride, and she raised her head with a faint cry for Hurlstone.

"It's all right, my dear," said Mrs. Markham, soothingly, "he's ashore with the Padre, and everything else is all right too! But it's rather ridiculous to think that those idiotic Indians believed the only way they could show Mr. Hurlstone that they meant us no harm was to drag us all up to *their* Mission, as they call that half-heathen cross of theirs—for safety against—who do you think, dear?—the dreadful *Americans*! And imagine all the while the Padre and I were just behind you, bringing up the rear of the procession—only they wouldn't let us join you because they wanted to show you special honour as"—she sank her voice to a whisper in Eleanor's ear—"as the future Mrs. Hurlstone! It appears they must have noticed something about you two, the last time you were there, my dear. And—to think—you never told me anything about it!"

When they reached the Excelsior they found that Mrs. Brimmer, having already settled herself in the best cabin, was inclined to extend the hospitalities of the ship with the air of a hostess. But the arrival of Hurlstone at midnight with some delegated authority from Señor Perkins, and the unexpected getting under way of the ship, disturbed her complacency. "We are going through the channel into the bay of Todos Santos," was the brief reply vouchsafed her by Hurlstone. "But why can't we remain here and wait for Mr. Brimmer?" she asked indignantly. "Because," responded Hurlstone, grimly, "the Excelsior is expected off the Presidio to-morrow morning to aid the insurgents." "You don't mean to say that Miss Chubb and myself are to be put in the attitude of arraying ourselves against the constituted authorities—and, perhaps, Mr. Brimmer himself?" asked Mrs. Brimmer, in genuine alarm. "It looks so," said Hurlstone, a little maliciously; "but, no doubt, your husband and the Señor will arrange it amicably." To Mrs. Markham and Miss Keene he explained more satisfactorily that the unexpected disaffection of the Indians had obliged Perkins to so far change his plans as to disembark his entire force from the Excelsior and leave her with only the complement of men necessary to navigate her through the channel of Todos Santos, where she would peacefully await his orders or receive his men in case of defeat.

Nevertheless, as the night was nearly spent, Mrs. Markham and Eleanor preferred to await the coming day on deck, and watch the progress of the Excelsior through the mysterious channel. In a few moments the barque began to feel the combined influence of the tide and the slight morning breeze, and, after rounding an invisible point, she presently rose and fell on the larger ocean swell. The pilot, whom Hurlstone recognised as the former third mate of the Excelsior, appeared to understand the passage perfectly; and even Hurlstone and the ladies, who had through eight months' experience become accustomed to the luminous obscurity of Todos Santos, could detect the faint looming of the headland at the entrance. The same soothing silence, the same lulling of even the unseen surf, which broke in gentle undulations over the bar and seemed to lift the barque in rocking buoyancy over the slight obstruction, came back to them as on the day of their fateful advent. The low orders of the pilot, the cry of the leadsmen in the chains, were but a part of the restful past.

Under the combined influence of the hour and the climate, the conversation fell into monosyllables, and Mrs. Markham dozed. The lovers sat silently together—but the memory of a kiss was between them. It spanned the gulf of the past with an airy bridge, over which their secret thoughts and fancies passed and repassed with a delicious security: henceforth they could not flee from that memory, even if they wished; they read it in each other's lightest glance; they felt it in the passing touch of each other's hands; it lingered, with vague tenderness, on the most trivial interchange of thought. Yet they spoke a little of the future. Eleanor believed that her brother would not object to their union; he had spoken of entering into business at Todos Santos, and perhaps when peace and security were restored they might live together. Hurlstone did not tell her that a brief examination of his wife's papers had shown him that the property he had set aside for her maintenance, and from which she had regularly drawn an income, had increased in value, and left him a rich man. He only pressed her hand, and whispered that her wishes should be his. They had become tenderly silent again, as the Excelsior, now fairly in the bay, appeared to be slowly drifting, with listless sails and idle helm, in languid search of an anchorage. Suddenly they were startled by a cry from the look-out.

"Sail ho!"

There was an incredulous start on the deck. The mate sprang into the fore rigging with an oath of protestation. But at the same moment the tall masts and spars of a vessel suddenly rose like a phantom out of the fog at their side. The half-disciplined foreign crew uttered a cry of rage and trepidation, and huddled like sheep in the waist, with distracted gestures; even the two men at the wheel forsook their post to run in dazed terror to the taffrail. Before the mate could restore order to this chaos, the Excelsior had drifted, with a scarcely perceptible concussion, against the counter of the strange vessel. In an instant a dozen figures appeared on its bulwarks, and dropped unimpeded upon the Excelsior's deck. As the foremost one approached the mate, the latter shrank back in consternation.

"Captain Bunker!"

"Yes," said the figure, advancing with a mocking laugh: "Captain Bunker it is: Captain Bunker, formerly of this American barque, Excelsior, and now of the Mexican ship, La Trinidad. Captain Bunker ez larnt every foot of that passage in an open boat last August, and didn't forget it yesterday in a big ship! Captain Bunker ez has just landed a company of dragoons to relieve the Presidio. What d'ye say to that, Mr. McCarthy—eh?"

"I say," answered McCarthy, raising his voice with a desperate effort to recover his calmness, "I say that Perkins landed with double that number of men yesterday around that point, and that he'll be aboard here in half an hour to make you answer for this insult to his ship and his Government."

"His Government!" echoed Bunker, with a hoarser laugh; "hear him!—his Government! His Government died at four o'clock this morning, when his own ringleaders gave him up to the authorities. Ha! Why, this yer revolution is played out, old man; and Generalissimo Leonidas Perkins is locked up in the Presidio."

The revolution was, indeed, ended. The unexpected arrival of a relieving garrison in the bay of Todos Santos had completed what the dissensions in the insurgents' councils had begun; the discontents, led by Brace and Winslow, had united with the Government against Perkins and his aliens; but a compromise had been effected by the treacherous giving-up of the Liberator himself in return for an amnesty granted to his followers. The part that Bunker had played in bringing about this moral catastrophe was, however, purely adventitious. When he had recovered his health, and subsequent events had corroborated the truth of his story, the Mexican Government, who had compromised with Quinquambo, was obliged to recognise his claims by offering him command of the missionary ship and permission to rediscover the channel, the secret of which had been lost for half a century to the Government. He had arrived at the crucial moment when Perkins' command were scattered along the seashore, and the dragoons had invested Todos Santos without opposition.

Such was the story substantially told to Hurlstone and confirmed on his debarkation with the ladies at Todos Santos, the Excelsior being now in the hands of the authorities. Hurlstone did not hesitate to express to Padre Esteban his disgust at the treachery which had made a scapegoat of Señor Perkins. But to his surprise, the cautious priest only shrugged his shoulders as he took a complacent pinch of snuff.

"Have a care, Diego! You are of a necessity grateful to this man for the news he has brought—nay, more; for possibly being the instrument elected by Providence to precipitate the dénouement of that miserable woman's life—but let it not close your eyes to his infamous political career. I admit that he was opposed to the revolt of the heathen against us: but it was his emissaries and his doctrines that poisoned with heresy the fountains from which they drank. Enough! Be grateful; but do not expect me to intercede for Baal and Astaroth!"

"Intercede!" echoed Hurlstone, alarmed at the sudden sacerdotal hardness that had overspread the old priest's face. "Surely the Council will not be severe with the man who was betrayed into their power by others equally guilty?"

Padre Esteban avoided Hurlstone's eyes as he answered with affected coolness, "*Quien sabe?* There will be *expulsados*, no doubt. The Excelsior, which is confiscated, will be sent to Mexico with them."

"I must see Señor Perkins," said Hurlstone, suddenly. The priest hesitated. "When?" he asked, cautiously. "At once."

"Good." He wrote a hurried line on a piece of paper, folded it, sealed it, and gave it to Hurlstone. "You will hand that to the Comandante. He will give you access to the prisoner."

In less than half an hour Hurlstone presented himself before the Commander. The events of the last twenty-four hours had evidently affected Don Miguel, for although he received Hurlstone courteously, there was a singular reflection of the priest's harshness in his face as he glanced over the missive. He took out his watch. "I give you ten minutes with the prisoner, Don Diego. More, I cannot."

A little awed by the manner of the Commander, Hurlstone bowed and followed him across the courtyard. It was filled with soldiers, and near the gateway a double file of dragoons, with loaded carbines, were standing at ease. Two sentries were ranged on each side of an open door which gave upon the courtyard. The Commander paused before it, and with a gesture invited him to enter. It was a large square apartment, lighted only by the open door and a grated inclosure above it. Seated in his shirt-sleeves, before a rude table, Señor Perkins was quietly writing. The shadow of Hurlstone's figure falling across his paper caused him to look up.

Whatever anxiety Hurlstone had begun to feel, it was quickly dissipated by the hearty, affable, and even happy greeting of the prisoner.

"Ah! what! my young friend Hurlstone! Again an unexpected pleasure," he said, extending his white hands. "And again you find me wooing the Muse, in, I fear, hesitating numbers," he pointed to the sheet of paper before him, which showed some attempts at versification; "but I confess to a singular fascination in the exercise of poetic composition, in instants of leisure like this—a fascination which, as a man of imagination yourself, you can appreciate."

"And I am sorry to find you here, Señor Perkins," began Hurlstone, frankly, "but I believe it will not be for long."

"My opinion," said the Señor, with a glance of gentle contemplation at the distant Comandante, "as far as I may express it, coincides with your own."

"I have come," continued Hurlstone, earnestly, "to offer you my services. I am ready," he raised his voice, with a view of being overheard, "to bear testimony that you had no complicity in the baser part of the late conspiracy—the revolt of the savages, and that you did your best to counteract the evil, although in doing so you have sacrificed yourself. I shall claim the right to speak from my own knowledge of the Indians and from their admission to me that they were led away by the vague representations of Martinez, Brace, and Winslow."

"Pardon—pardon me," said Señor Perkins, deprecatingly, "you are mistaken. My general instructions, no doubt, justified these young gentlemen in taking, I shall not say extreme, but injudicious measures." He glanced meaningfully in the direction of the Commander, as if to warn Hurlstone from continuing, and said, gently, "But let us talk of something else. I thank you for your gracious intentions, but you remember that we agreed only yesterday that you knew nothing of politics, and did not concern yourself with them. I do not know but you are wise. Politics and the science of self-government, although dealing with general principles, is apt to be defined by the individual limitations of the enthusiast. What is good for *himself* he too often deems is applicable to the general public, instead of wisely understanding that which is good for *them* must be good for *himself*. But," said the Señor, lightly, "we are again transgressing. We were to choose another topic. Let it be yourself, Mr. Hurlstone. You are looking well, Sir; indeed, I may say I

never saw you looking so well! Let me congratulate you. Health is the right of youth. May you keep both!" He shook Hurlstone's hand again with singular fervour.

There was a slight bustle and commotion at the door of the guard-room, and the Commander's attention was called in that direction. Hurlstone profited by the opportunity to say in a hurried whisper: "Tell me what I can do for you;" and he hesitated to voice his renewed uneasiness—"tell me—if—if—if—your case is—urgent!"

Señor Perkins lifted his shoulders and smiled with grateful benevolence. "You have already promised me to deliver those papers and manuscript of my deceased friend, and to endeavour to find her relations. I do not think it is urgent, however."

"I do not mean that," said Hurlstone, eagerly. "I"—but Perkins stopped him with a sign that the Commander was returning. Don Miguel approached them with disturbed and anxious looks.

"I have yielded to the persuasions of two ladies, Doña Leonor and the Señora Markham, to ask you to see them for a moment," he said to Señor Perkins. "Shall it be so? I have told them the hour is nearly spent."

"You have told them nothing more?" asked the Señor, in a whisper unheard by Hurlstone.

"No."

"Let them come, then."

The Commander made a gesture to the sentries at the guard-room, who drew back to allow Mrs. Markham and Eleanor to pass. A little child, one of Eleanor's old Presidio pupils, now recognising her, had followed her into the guard-room, now emerged with her, and momentarily disconcerted at the presence of the Commander, ran, with the unerring instinct of childhood, to the Señor for protection. The filibuster smiled, and lifting the child with a paternal gesture to his shoulder by one hand, he extended the other to the ladies.

"The Commander," said Mrs. Markham, briskly, "says it's against the rules; that visiting time is up; and you've already got a friend with you, and all that sort of thing; but I told him that I was bound to see you, if only to say that if there's any meanness going on, Susannah and James Markham ain't in it! No! But we're going to see you put right and square in the matter; and if we can't do it here, we'll do it, if we have to follow you to Mexico!—that's all!"

"And I," said Eleanor, grasping the Señor's hand, and half blushing as she glanced at Hurlstone, "see that I have already a friend here who will help me to put in action all the sympathy I feel."

Señor Perkins drew himself up, and cast a faint look of pride towards the Commander. "To hear such assurances from beautiful and eloquent lips like those before me," he said, with his old oratorical wave of the hand but a passing shadow across his mild eyes, "is more than sufficient. In my experience of life I have been favoured, at various emergencies, by the sympathy and outspoken counsel of your noble sex; the last time by Mrs. Euphemia M'Corkle, of Peora, Illinois, a lady of whom you have heard me speak—alas! now lately deceased. A few lines at present lying on yonder table—a tribute to her genius—will be forwarded to you, dear Mrs. Markham. But let us change the theme. You are looking well—and you too, Miss Keene. From the roses that bloom on your cheeks—nourished by the humid air of Todos Santos—I am gratified in thinking you have forgiven me your enforced detention here."

At a gesture from the Commander he ceased, stepped back, bowed gravely, and the ladies recognised that their brief audience had terminated. As they passed through the gateway, looking back they saw Perkins still standing with the child on his shoulder and smiling affably upon them. Then the two massive doors of the gateway swung to with a crash, the bolts were shot, and the courtyard was impenetrable.

* * * * *

A few moments later, the three friends had passed the outermost angle of the fortifications, and were descending towards the beach. By the time they had reached the sands they had fallen into a vague silence.

A noise like the cracking and fall of some slight scaffolding behind them arrested their attention. Hurlstone turned quickly. A light smoke, drifting from the courtyard, was mingling with the fog. A faint cry of "Dios y Libertad!" rose with it.

With a hurried excuse to his companions, Hurlstone ran rapidly back, and reached the gate as it slowly rolled upon its hinges to a file of men that issued from the courtyard. The first object that met his eyes was the hat of Señor Perkins lying on the ground near the wall, with a terrible suggestion in its empty and vacant helplessness. A few paces further lay its late owner, with twenty Mexican bullets in his breast, his benevolent forehead bared meekly to the sky, as if even then mutely appealing to the higher judgment. He was dead! The soul of the Liberator of Quinquimambo, and of various other peoples more or less distressed and more or less ungrateful, was itself liberated!

With the death of Señor Perkins ended the Crusade of the Excelsior. Under charge of Captain Bunker the vessel was sent to Mazatlan by the authorities, bearing the banished and proscribed Americans, Banks, Brace, Winslow, and Crosby; and, by permission of the Council, also their friends, Markham and Brimmer, and the ladies, Mrs. Brimmer, Chubb, and Markham. Hurlstone and Miss Keene alone were invited to remain, but, on later representations, the Council graciously included Richard Keene in the invitation, with the concession of the right to work the mines and control the ranches he and Hurlstone had purchased from their proscribed countrymen. The complacency of the Council of Todos Santos may be accounted for when it is understood that on the day the firm of Hurlstone and Keene was really begun under the title of Mr. and Mrs. Hurlstone, Richard had prevailed upon the Alcalde to allow him to add the piquante Doña Isabel also to the firm under the title of Mrs. Keene. Although the port of Todos Santos was henceforth open to all commerce, the firm of Hurlstone and Keene long retained the monopoly of trade, and was a recognised power of intelligent civilisation and honest progress on the Pacific coast. And none contributed more to that result than the clever and beautiful hostess of Excelsior Lodge, the charming country home of James Hurlstone, Esq., senior partner of the firm. Under the truly catholic shelter of its verandah Padre Esteban and the heretic stranger mingled harmoniously, and the dissensions of local and central Government were forgotten. "I said that you were a *dama de grandesa*, you remember," said the youthful Mrs. Keene, "and, you see, you are!"

THE END.

NEW TALE BY MR. FARJEON.

A New Tale, entitled MISER FAREBROTHER, by MR. FARJEON, written expressly for this Paper, will be commenced in our Number for July 2, being the first of a New Volume, and continued to the close of the year.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W S (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—The Kt is a common and obvious misprint for K, and should not have puzzled you for a moment. Look at No. 2245 again.

KNIGHT (Edmonton).—The diagram of No. 2246 is printed correctly.

C E N (Brooklyn, U.S.A.).—We have not space for the game of draughts.

W H (Manchester).—If found correct it shall appear. Thanks.

B M A (Hampstead).—You can take part in most of the problem competitions without being a member of any chess club.

W M (Brighton).—It is hardly worth special mention. Everyone knows that if the best Brighton players had been engaged in the play the result would have been different.

F N B (Ware).—Thanks for the budget of games, which are very acceptable.

W H D (Woburn).—You are wrong in all the cases, but we really have not space to set you right. You had better accept our solutions as correct.

AMATEUR (Havana).—We are obliged for the information, and shall be glad to receive some of the games as promised.

PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from F E Purchas, G W P Hargrave, and A Bolus.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2236 to 2243 received from O H Hite (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of Nos. 2242 and 2243 from the Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of No. 2244 from T Roberts, A G Bagot, and Trial; of Nos. 2245 and 2246 from L Berliant, and other amateurs of Bruges; of No. 2245 from F R Pickering, W B Smith, the Rev. J Gaskin, C E T, R Scott, William Miller, F F Pott, and W A P.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2246 received from Thomas Litchford, E Casella (Paris), R H Brooks, Ben Nevis, W Biddle, North-Hall, E Featherstone, W Heathcote, L Wyman, Jack, L Edson (Antwerp), R J Stead, Otto Pukler (Ghent), Neran, Shadforth, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), E Elsbury, Hereward, H Wardell, G W Law, Staff Sergeant McFarlane, Major Pichard, Jupiter Junior, J E (South Hampstead), S S Harris, R Tweedie, Thomas Chown, H Reeve, W Hillier, R F N Banks, Charles Tindal Atkinson, Joseph Amson, A Blackdon, A C Hunt, Red Ruan, L Shapwood, Ernest Shapwood, Peterhouse, Bartholme, C Duragh, W R Raitlen, E E H, S Bullen, R Worters (Canterbury), J Steiglitz, David Thomas, J H Shaw, George Jorcy, Benjamin Gies, C E P, Aylsham (Norfolk), Charles K Hattersley, Edwin Smith, J A Schmucke, Oliver Lengua, W A P, George Rodger, G Austen (Havant), T Roberts, E Louden, C Oswald, and R L Southwell.

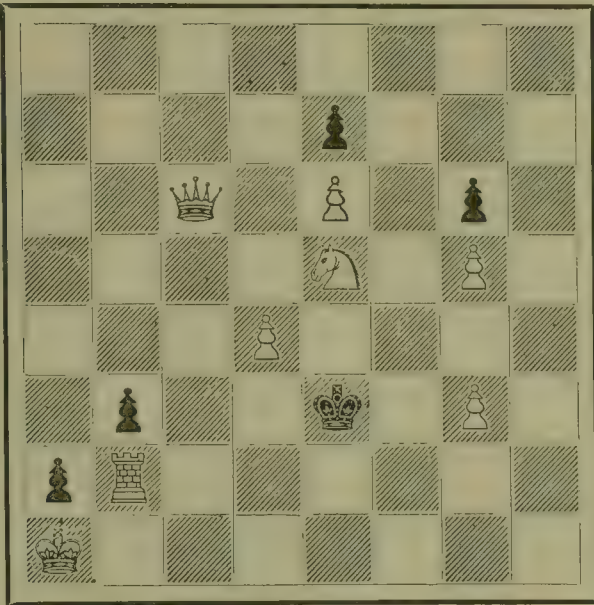
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2245.

WHITE.
1. Q to R 7th
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2248.

By H. W. SHERRARD.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played in the late match between the Rev. G. A. MACDONNELL and Mr. BLACKBURN.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	27. P to Kt 3rd	P to Q 6th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	28. B to Q 2nd	R to K 2nd
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to K 3rd	29. R to K sq	K to B 2nd
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	30. Kt to B 4th	R to K sq
5. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd	31. Kt to Q 3rd	K R to Q R sq
6. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt	32. K to Kt 2nd	R to R 8th
7. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 4th	33. R to K 2nd	K R to R 7th
8. Kt to K 4th	P to K 4th	34. Kt to Kt 4th	P to Q 6th
9. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 5th (ch)		
10. P to B 3rd	Kt takes P		
11. P takes Kt	B takes P (ch)		
12. B to Q 2nd	B takes R		
13. Q takes B			

Black has gained a Rook and two Pawns for his two minor pieces, and broken up the adverse forces on the Queen's side of the board.

13. Q to Q 4th
14. B to Q 3rd
15. Castles
16. Q to B 2nd
17. Q to B 5th
18. B to B 3rd

The exchanges which follow are all in Black's favour.

19. B takes R P
20. B takes B
21. B to B 3rd
22. P to R 4th
23. Q to K 7th
24. Kt to R 5th
25. Q to Q 6th
26. Q takes Q

35. Kt takes Q P.
36. P to K 6th (ch)
37. Kt to K 5th (ch)
38. Kt to B 4th
39. R takes P (ch)
40. R takes B P
41. Kt to K 5th (ch)
42. R takes R
43. P to R 5th

Very good. From this point to the end Black plays with great skill and judgment.

White plays with his usual ingenuity, but the loss of the Q B has left him with little to play with.

44. Kt to B 3rd
45. Kt to Q 4th
46. P to B 4th
47. Kt to B 3rd
48. Kt to R 4th
49. K to B 3rd
50. K to K 3rd
51. K to B 2nd

and White resigned.

In the tourney of the British Chess Club, the top scores, following Dr. Zukertort's 134, are—Mr. Gunsberg, 9, with three games to play; and Mr. Hoffer, 10½, with one game to play.

The annual match between the City and St. George's Chess Clubs will be played at the Salutation Tavern, Newgate-street, on Thursday, the 12th inst. Play will begin at six p.m. and end at eleven p.m. Visitors, to witness the play, will be welcomed.

Bolton played a match against Atherton, at Bolton last week; the former club winning by 19½ points to 9½.

The Rev. A. B. Skipworth is conducting an interesting chess column in the *Hornsea News*. Local and metropolitan chess are well represented by the games and problems of recognised players and composers.

The American champion, Captain Mackenzie, has been visiting Havana, and played matches with the Mexican champion, M. Vazquez, and the Cuban master, M. Golmayo. With M. Vazquez, Captain Mackenzie's score was five to one, and with M. Golmayo, five to two. Our correspondent "Amateur" promises to send us some of the best of the games played in both matches.

The Graham collection of modern pictures was sold last Saturday by Messrs. Christie. The ninety-five works realised over £62,000. A Gainsborough was sold for 9500 guineas, and a Turner for 6500 guineas.

The committee of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution have decided to offer a gold and silver medal for drawings or models of a mechanically propelled life-boat best adapted to meet the conditions under which life-boats are called upon to perform their work. Also a gold and a silver medal for models or drawings of a propelling power suitable for the boats of the institution. All models and drawings must be forwarded to the institution not later than Oct. 1 next, under cipher, accompanied by the fullest detailed explanations, and a sealed cover containing the name and address of the competitor, not to be opened until after a decision has been arrived at. The models and drawings will be examined by three judges, appointed by the committee, who reserve to themselves the right of withholding all or any of the medals. All communications should be addressed to the secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., 14, John-street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

It may be a matter of wonderment to some that Mr. Burne-Jones can send four pictures to the Grosvenor Gallery—but none to the exhibition held by the body of which he has been recently elected a member. But Mr. Watts acts in like manner, and Mr. W. B. Richmond, who is said to be preparing his brow for the Associate's wreath, has reserved his best work for the gallery which can confer less honour upon him than he upon it. Of Mr. Richmond's portraits in the West Gallery (to which our notice this week is restricted), that entitled "La Fiammetta" (103), a young girl nursing her knee, is the most completely finished and successful. The subdued colours of the green dress serve to enhance the beauty of the hair, which falls in profusion over her shoulders, and although the flesh-tints are artificial when compared with the rich natural tones of Mr. John Collier's portrait of Mrs. Horne (108), which hangs near, one cannot refuse to Mr. Richmond the possession of higher imaginative or poetic power. In the portrait of Mrs. David Little (80), a charming child-like face, poised gracefully upon her delicately draped shoulders, one cannot refrain from criticising the livid hue, not only of the pendent hand, but of the whole arm. This defect, in another way, is repeated in the portrait of Mrs. Sanderson (7), which otherwise is far stronger in colour than his work often is. In the seated portrait of the Earl of Pembroke (32) the work is throughout easy, the pose graceful though somewhat wearied, and the colouring warm and sustained. In this, as in the really fine portrait of Mrs. William Mozeley (63), we find trace of that keen appreciation of men's and women's minds and characters which is the real charm of so much of Mr. Richmond's best work. The only competitor he finds in this gallery beside Mr. Frank Holl is Mr. J. R. Reid, whose portrait of Mrs. William Sanderson (68)—a middle-aged lady in dark red velvet dress—is excellent in colour and sober in treatment. Mr. F. Holl's three portraits—Lord Harlech (54), Mr. Alex. Binnie (69), and Archdeacon Hornby (132), the best of the trio—call for no special observation. They apparently only figure at the Grosvenor because the Academician had already availed himself of his full rights at Burlington House. Sir John Millais also sends two portraits, one of Lord Esher (58), in which the gold-laced robes of the Master of the Rolls are more praiseworthy than the remainder of the work; and the other of Mrs. Charles Stuart Wortley (51), which falls below anything yet offered to the public by this most disappointing artist. It is not merely that the picture is spoilt by slovenly or hasty work, but Nature's work is parodied and misrepresented to an extent which can only lead us to hope that the work is merely an unfinished sketch. One turns with a sense of relief from such a misuse of great powers to works like Mr. Watts's "The Judgment of Paris" (57), or Mr. Burne-Jones's "Garden of Pan" (66), where, however much we may dislike the result achieved, we recognise at least thought, labour, and imagination. In the former the three goddesses, slightly draped, are standing in an iridescent glow, which idealises but does not conceal the careful drawing of the three types of feminine beauty. Mr. Burne-Jones's meaning is more difficult to seize: the god, represented as a young man, is sitting apart playing on his pipe, whilst two lovers have crept down to the dell to listen to his strains. The whole work is intended to be imaginative, for in nature trees do not differ more from Mr. Burne-Jones's rendering of them than flesh and blood from the two decorative but sallow nude figures introduced into the subject. His other work, "The Baleful Head" (75), deals with the myth of Perseus and Andromeda, but in such a way that the grotesque predominates over the poetic. His portrait (98) of a lady in blue, with a looking-glass behind her, is spoilt by the strangely ungraceful foreshortening of the right arm; but all such little anatomical inelegancies pale before Mr. E. J. Poynter's deliverance in the "Corner of the Market-place" (62), an archaeological study after the manner of Tadema, in which the curiously-deformed child and the gigantic feet of its mother actually form the centre of interest in the picture. If the treatment be defended as realistic, one asks in what country and at what period were market-places cleaned and polished as this of Mr. Poynter's manufacture? If, on the other hand, the picture be only decorative, it is difficult to understand the introduction of features against which modern taste has finally pronounced. It is, perhaps, lucky for the future of English art that its better traditions are being taken up by the younger generation—for instance, in purely decorative work, Miss Anna Alma Tadema's "Drawing-room Interior" (60) leaves little to be desired; whilst Mr. Albert Moore's portrait of Mr. W. Connal (123) displays powers and aptitudes for portrait-painting with which the artist has not, hitherto, been credited. Mr. G. H. Boughton has not for many years been so lucky in the choice of a subject as in "The Cronies" (20), two old women, Dutch or French, crooning and gossiping over a cottage fire. By its warmth of colouring, as by its simple truthfulness, a work of this sort appeals equally to the head and heart. We are glad to welcome back Mr. P. R. Morris to a style of painting he has too long neglected. "Girls Gathering Osiers on the Arun" (26) has doubtless the defect of want of unity of purpose, but we suppose that few amateurs object to having three pictures in one frame, when each contains so much good work. Mr. Alfred Parsons' "Going Westward" (48) is also a fresh departure, and, although his rain-clouds are a trifle solid, the orange sky with its purple cloudlets is one of the most successful bits of work we have ever seen from him. Of the smaller landscapes, we admire especially Mr. Edgar Barclay's "By the Mill" (53), Mr. Henry Tuke's "Summer Morning" (94), Mr. A. Corbett's "Evening on the Arno" (102), which well deserves the place of honour accorded to it; Mr. W. H. Bartlett's "Off to the Fair" (112), in which the aerial perspective of the mountains rising beyond the sand hills is exceedingly good; Mr. G. Costa's "Twixt Summer and Autumn" (133), and Mr. David Murray's "April Day" (134).

Among the subject and figure pictures Mr. Hacher's "Pelagia and Philammon" (9), in the Theban desert, is, perhaps, the most ambitious, but not the most successful, work. The tone of the desert sand is unpleasantly harsh; the accessories—as, for instance, the vultures—are slovenly, and the treatment in some ways almost grotesque. Nevertheless, we must admit that in both the figures there is a sense of beauty and the striving for an ideal beyond the painter's grasp. Mr. Hugh Cameron, who is more modest in his aim, in "The Daughters of the Fisherman" (14) produces a more pleasing, as well as a more successful, picture; but, on the other hand, Mr. John Collier's "Lilith" (24), beyond its anatomical correctness, which we venture to think is open to challenge, in spite of the painter's efforts, conveys nothing more than the idea of a female statue, round which a serpent has coiled itself with mathematical precision. Mr. C. E. Hall's "Buondelmonte and the Donati" (31) shows the great advance towards the realisation of the Venetian ideal he has so long followed. It is a large, but well-filled, canvas, rich in colour and skilful in design, although the horse's chest seems somewhat too broad. The old mother who suddenly reveals the *rolage* cavalier the daughter she had destined for him, is very cleverly rendered.



TOURISTS ASCENDING THE GREAT PYRAMID.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

Nineteenth Century.—Mr. Matthew Arnold reviews the course of politics "Up to Easter," with less of light ironical fencing than he usually affects, and more of serious argument directed against Irish Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone, further discoursing on "The Greater Gods of Olympus," drily dissects the Homeric conception of Apollo. Here, surely, is a transposition of parts. The late Prime Minister is learned in antique Hellenic and Levantine theologies; but the shining Phœbus has a proper claim on the preacher of mental sweetness and light. Mr. Arnold, however, considers that he can be of more use just now in reproving Parliamentary insincerity, the more safely because he will never wish for a seat in the House of Commons. He is, of course, a Liberal Unionist. Several topics affecting social welfare are treated by different writers: the decay of bodily strength in town life, by Lord Brabazon; the preservation of open breathing spaces, and the creation of Highland deer forests, by two others. The capacity of the feminine constitution to endure severe intellectual training is discussed by Mr. G. J. Romanes with candour and discrimination. The position of the German residents in London is described by one of themselves.

Contemporary Review.—The condition of Oxford University life and learning, compared with what it was forty years ago, is examined by Professor E. A. Freeman, Fellow of Oriel, and formerly of Trinity College, who does not approve of recent changes. Professor Thorold Rogers, who lost his seat at the last General Election, utters the "Confessions of a Metropolitan Member." What he confesses is the indifference of a London working-class constituency to the claims of the Liberal Party, and the habitual neglect, by every Party, of London local interests. Mr. Bryce, speaking for himself and some of his friends in the House, followers of Mr. Gladstone, relates the process of conviction by which they "became Home Rulers." An acute ethical psychologist, Mr. H. D. Traill, exposes the morbid action of "Our Self-conscious Selves" in the literature of the present age. Some writer of the military profession thinks it needful to compose "An Apology for Armies," which has just as much truth, and no more, than there would be in an apology for the police. The notes of Mr. St. George Mivart on the zoology of our Colonies are interesting to lovers of natural history. We like the American "Popular University."

National Review.—The political leading article of this Conservative periodical is one by Lord Dunraven, who is anxious to prove that "Tory Democracy" has no taint of Radicalism, and to justify the recent attitude of Lord Randolph Churchill. It might have been thought, apart from the canonisation and established worship of Lord Beaconsfield, that his literary productions were now out of date; but Mr. F. Hitchman furnishes an elaborate analysis of "Lothair" and "Endymion," in which he finds "deep and serious meanings." Professor F. T. Palgrave prints his Oxford University lecture on "Poetry and the Other Fine Arts," showing in what mode and degree the influences now of painting, now of sculpture, have affected the high imaginative literature of different periods. The happy "Rambler" of "A Spring Holiday" passes on from the Riviera to Florence.

Blackwood's Magazine.—A curious passage of supposed autobiography, written more than sixty years ago by the late Ewen Cameron, is published, apparently not as a work of fancy, but as a veritable narrative, and is called "A Magnetic Mystery." The conception is far from being original: we remember both German and English tales of magical boxes, or

caskets, revealing to the accidental possessor a supernatural apparition, from which he learnt secrets of importance to his private affairs. A new serial tale, "Joyce," by an unnamed author, is commenced this month, with the coming home from India of the Laird of Bellendean, on the seacoast near Edinburgh. The future heroine, Joyce, is a foundling, brought up by a lady of the Bellendean family, but is discovered by her father, Colonel Hayward, one of the invited guests. She is, unluckily, engaged to the parish school-master, and we don't know what will happen. The gipsies of Transylvania, the Australian chances of labourers and capitalists, and the settlement of Burmah, are among the subjects treated in articles of an ordinary kind.

Cornhill Magazine.—"The Study of English Literature" is, as the article observes, a well-worn topic, though we gladly hear Mr. Leslie Stephen. We need say nothing, for a similar reason, of "Our Last Royal Jubilee." An amusing little story, entitled "The Importunate Widow," relates the amiable weakness of a Vice-Chancellor, Sir Andrew Bagshaw, who is fortunately no longer, if he or any Judge like him ever was, on the Bench of Justice. The Cornish story of "The Gaverocks" is continued. Extracts from the diary of a commercial traveller in the Mediterranean during the great French War help to illustrate the services of the British Fleet at that time.

Macmillan's Magazine.—A new story by F. Marion Crawford, "With the Immortals," ventures on the bold and queer experiment of raising the ghost of Heine, thirty years after his death, to converse, as naturally as when he was living, with an English family party at Sorrento. "Duke Carl of Rosenmold," by Mr. Walter Pater, presents the figure of an accomplished and enthusiastic German amateur of artistic beauty early in the eighteenth century. A short tale by Mr. Julian Sturgis, "The Child of Science," an exciting account of an imaginary earthquake in London, and a poem by Sir Francis Doyle, on Mrs. Jerdan singing in the street to collect money for a deed of charity, will attract the reader.

Longman's Magazine.—The mixture of gorgeous and grotesque, of sham archaeology and quaint Gulliverian fable, in Mr. Rider-Haggard's South African romances, of which "Allan Quatermain" is here current, becomes rather fatiguing. Mr. Julian Sturgis, in the beginning chapters of "Thraldom," marks out the ground for an interesting study of character in English domestic life. A good description, by Mr. Grant Allen, of the famous "Thousand Islands" of the St. Lawrence, and some topographical notes concerning Needwood Forest, in Staffordshire, are worth reading.

Murray's Magazine.—Twenty-six lines of verse by Lord Byron, rhymed couplets, dated April 18, 1814, hitherto unpublished, lead off this number. The subject is "Calvary," treated less in the spirit of Christian faith and piety, we regret to observe, than in that of fierce detestation of the Jews, and with little manifestation of Byron's genius as a poet. The Hon. Emily Lawless, author of that fine story of Irish peasant life, "Hurrish," continues her much less animated narrative of the sentimental vicissitudes in the mind of Major John Lawrence among the ladies sojourning at Mentone. "Brother Peter" is an interesting short tale of Bulgarian common life. "Benaboo," by Consul Drummond-Hay, is a narrative of real incidents in Morocco. There is something to be learnt of those countries and nations from both the articles last mentioned. Among the other writers and subjects, Mr. G. Skelton Streeter contributes, from his personal examination, an account of the Ruby Mines of Burmah.

The Classical Review.—The fourth number of a new journal of accurate Greek and Latin scholarship, published by Mr. D. Nutt, contains an essay, by Mr. G. C. Warr, on the Æolic element in Homer; criticisms of Schmidt's textual emendations of the Greek dramatists, Blaydes' Aristophanes, Welldon's Rhetoric of Aristotle, and two books on Pausanias, with remarks on B. J. Wheeler's treatise of Greek accents, on some Lexicons to the New Testament, and on Dr. Arnold's narrative of the Second Punic War. Mr. E. D. Stone's Greek ode for the Queen's Jubilee, "Carmina Seculare," is a fair metrical exercise, but prosaic in tone and style.

The Primrose Magazine.—A new sixpenny publication, advocating Conservative principles, but containing tales—"The Master of Glendale," "The Rose and the Ice-wreath," and "That House in the Square"—which are tolerably light reading, may find favour with Knights and Dames of the Primrose League.

Belgravia.—Miss Sarah Tytler, in further chapters of "Disappeared," dwells on the painful conjectures of what had befallen the lost Tom Gage, and leads Hugo Kennett to revisit the quaint little German university town. "The Singular Dilemma of Mr. John Westbrook" is briskly and conclusively related. Other short and lively tales, "Mrs. Crupper's Diplomacy," "No!" "An Adventure in Girdom," "Papadack," and "Told by Professor Pearce," will equally suit readers who do not like stories drawn out in monthly instalments.

The Argosy.—A filial memoir of the late Mrs. Henry Wood, whose son, Mr. C. W. Wood, succeeds her in the editorship of this magazine, commands our respectful sympathy, while giving noteworthy particulars of her literary industry. He furnishes, also, recent sketches of his sojourn in Majorca. Mrs. Wood's last story, "Lady Grace," is still going on.


English Illustrated Magazine.—Mrs. Craik's tour in Donegal, the visits of Mr. H. W. Brewer to the old monuments in City churches, and the designs of Mr. Hugh Thompson for Gay's "Journey to Exeter," supply good subjects for engravings. The tale of "Miss Falkland" begins with English tourists in Switzerland. Mr. B. L. Farjeon's "Secret Inheritance" proceeds through a tragical complication.

We acknowledge the May numbers of "Time," "London Society," "Temple Bar," "Good Words," "The Century," "Harper's Monthly," "Lippincott's," the "Atlantic Monthly," "St. Nicholas," "Casell's Family Magazine," and "The Quiver;" but we have not space to describe their contents.

ASCENDING THE GREAT PYRAMID.

King Khufu, or "Cheops," of the Memphite dynasty, who built the biggest of the Pyramids at Ghizeh above five thousand years ago, never dreamt that these English young ladies and gentlemen would clamber up its sides, after breakfasting at Shepherd's hotel in Cairo, to overlook the vast plain, the site of his Royal metropolitan city. It was an impossible feat when the whole Pyramid, as originally constructed, had a smooth surface of polished limestone slabs, which were long since removed, leaving the rough granite blocks, 3 ft. or 4 ft. high, now available for laborious climbing. Tourists who feel strong enough, with the help of Arab guides, to perform this fatiguing ascent, may enjoy the harmless pride of having "done" it, and consider themselves in a superior position to that of Napoleon, as he told the French army, gathering below for battle with the Mamelukes, that "Forty centuries are looking down upon you!"

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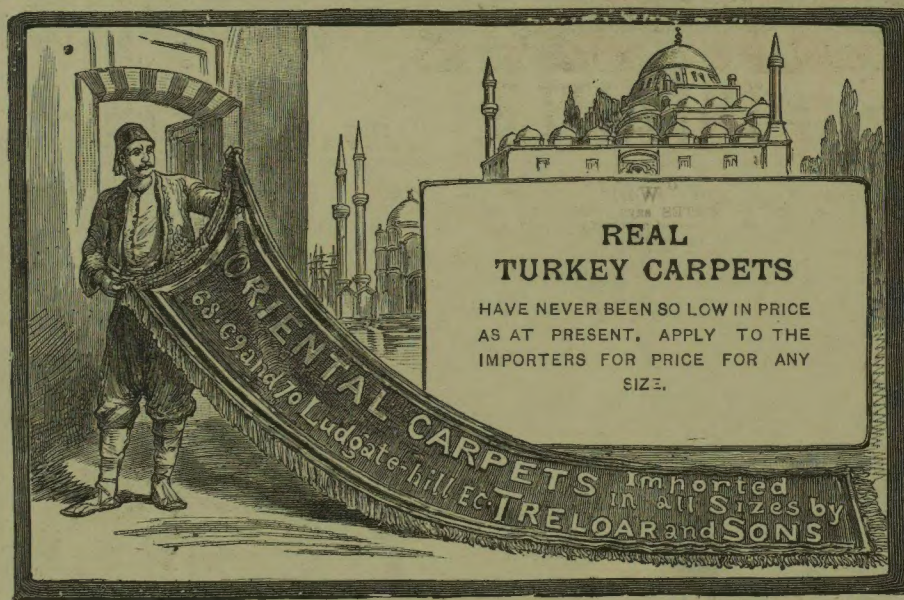
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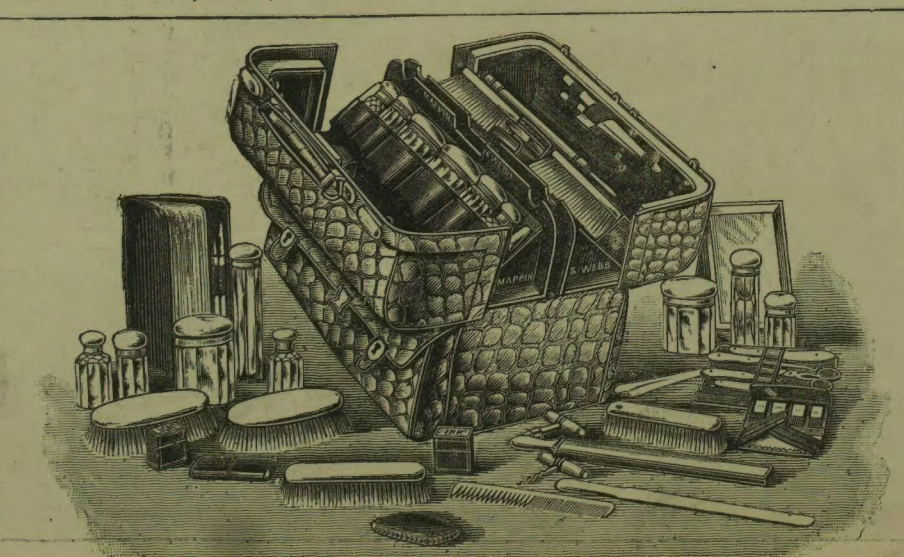
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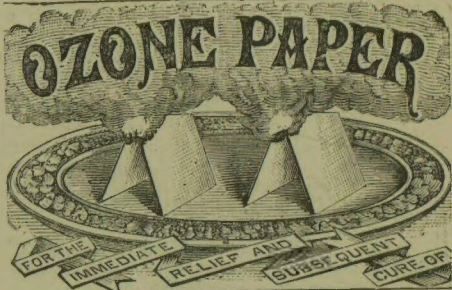
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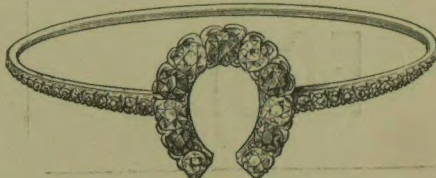
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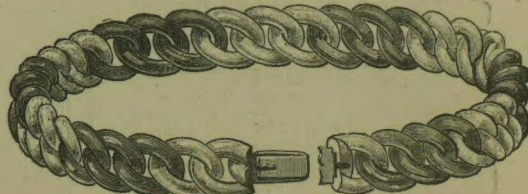


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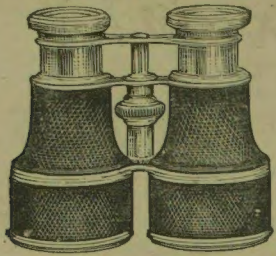
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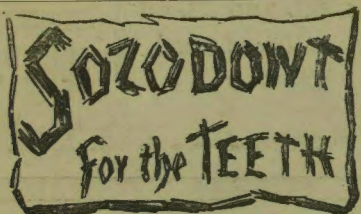
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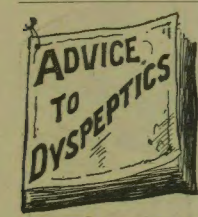
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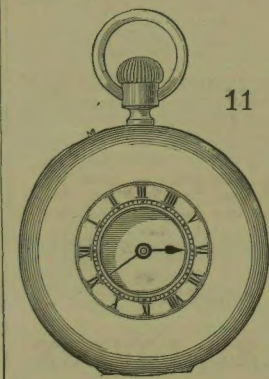
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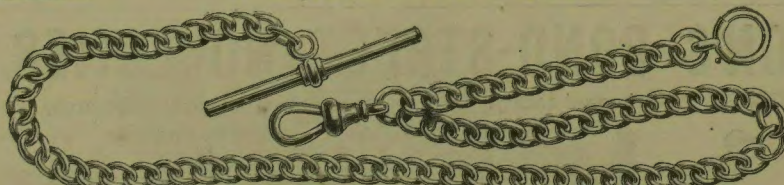
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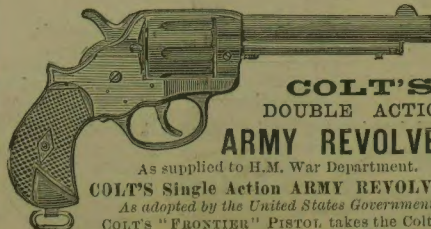
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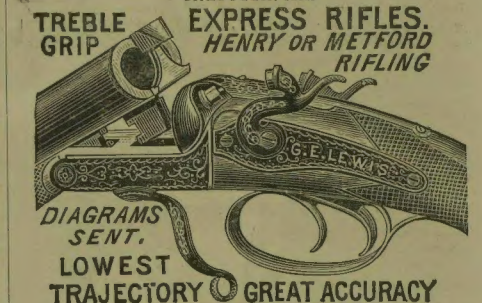
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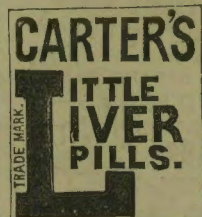
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